WEEK ENDING JAN. 2, 1932

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Liberty

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Calendar-1932

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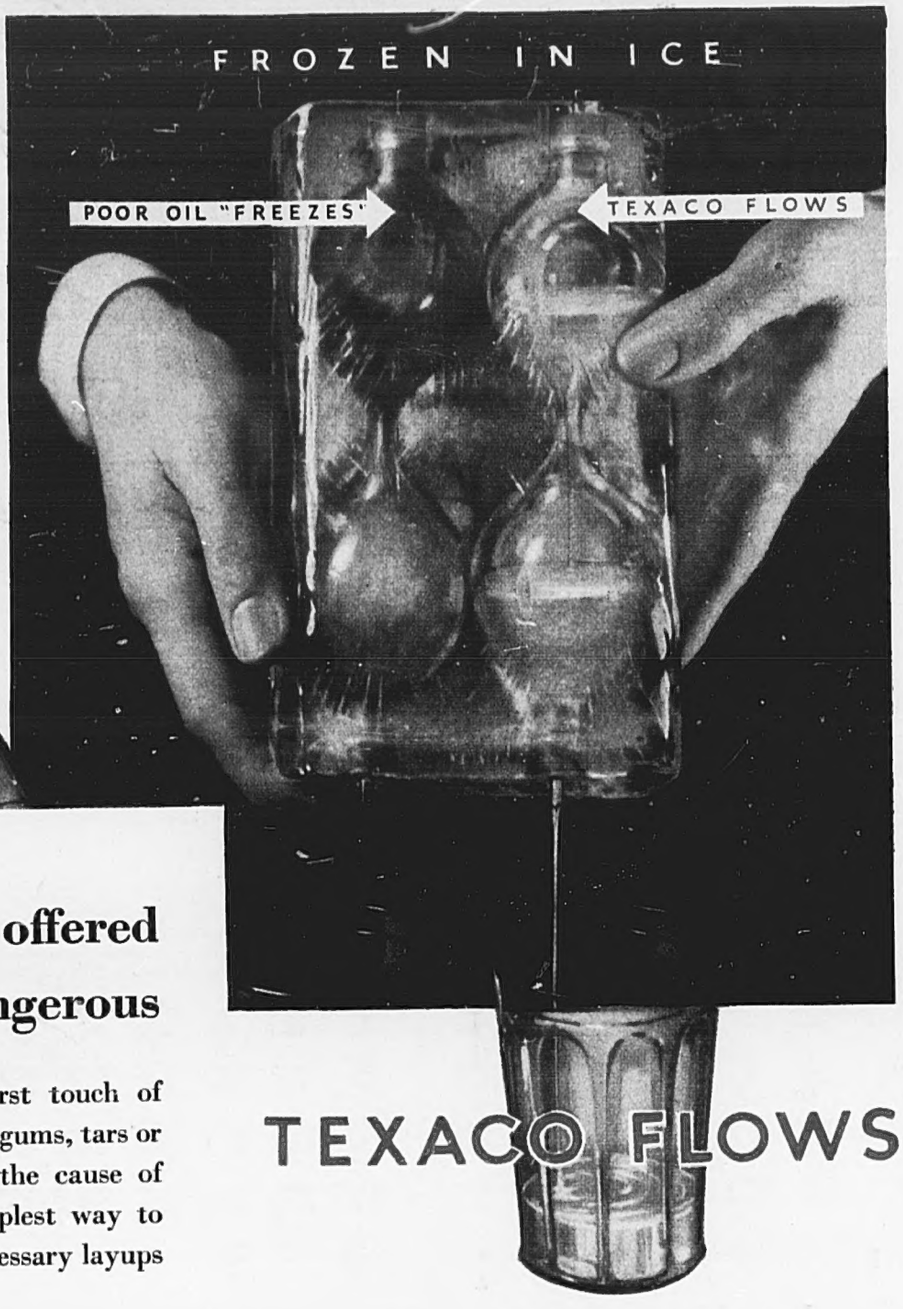
A hidden repair bill in every fill of oil *that thickens with cold*



Inferior oils, frequently offered at bargain prices, are dangerous

They thicken like molasses at the first touch of frost. They may be filled with paraffin wax, gums, tars or carbon-forming impurities. Such oils are the cause of many an unexpected repair bill. The simplest way to prevent uncalled for winter wear and unnecessary layups is to protect your engine with Texaco.

Texaco Motor Oil is internationally famous for its low cold test. It flows at the first turn of the starter —even at zero. Free from all harmful traces of paraffin wax and other impurities, it does not thicken with cold.

You cannot get better winter protection anywhere than a crankcaseful of free-flowing Texaco. It's as important as anti-freeze solution for your radiator. And at highest engine temperatures, Texaco is crack-proof. Cold or hot, Texaco protects every moving part.

The Texaco sign invites you. Stop at any of the convenient Texaco Stations throughout the United States for assured cold-weather driving ease and economy.

THE TEXAS COMPANY
Texaco Petroleum Products

TEXACO FLOWS

The "HOUR-GLASS" TEST

This simple, yet dramatic test, can be made in any home refrigerator. Two "hour-glasses", one filled with Texaco and one with a poorly adapted motor oil, were frozen in a cake of ice. Texaco flowed freely at this low temperature. The other oil thickened like molasses.

In the average engine there are twenty or more fine channels no thicker than the waist of the "hour-glasses" shown here. Through these narrow channels oil must flow quickly. Many oils hesitate until they are thoroughly warmed up by engine action. Then it is too late. More wear has occurred than during the miles of warmed-up driving.

save with TEXACO MOTOR OIL

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FOLLOW CAR MANUFACTURER'S DRAINING RECOMMENDATIONS

Just off the presses. Full of the latest and best information for women. Free.

"I WOULD GIVE A GREAT DEAL TO BE SURE... *that other women have no secrets from me*"

IT'S not at all unusual—this feeling of distrust on the part of the newly married woman. She had believed implicitly in her friends before her marriage. She had found them sincere and quick to answer confidence with confidence. Now they seem changed.

These other women may very well be withholding a secret store of information on this vital subject of feminine hygiene. Women often do. For the "secret store of information" is often a confused mixture of advice and warning received from a dozen sources—all so unreliable that it means nothing and cannot be helpful to a friend.

What antiseptic to use?

It need hardly be said that feminine hygiene is an important and necessary practice. Women themselves know this and their doctors are in perfect accord with their insistence upon nothing less than true surgical cleanliness. But doctors have long been worried. "Feminine hygiene? Yes! By all means! *Without* caustic and poisonous antiseptics!" That is the physician's warning.

Of course, an antiseptic is needed and in the past all the powerful antiseptic-germicides actually were caustic and poisonous. This is not true today.

Zonite is safe and strong

The antiseptic of today is *Zonite*. New and extraordinary—this Zonite. Very strong and powerful. Yet it will never cause the slightest damage. Despite its strength it is really soothing in its action. This is a remarkable statement and absolutely true: Zonite will not do any harm even if accidentally swallowed, still it is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the human body.

Women are warmly enthusiastic about Zonite. It has at last solved their most intimate, their most difficult problem. You can get Zonite in any drug store. You need have no embarrassment in asking for it because it is used for dozens of purposes including oral hygiene. It comes in bottles and sells for 30¢, 60¢ and $1.00.

Read "Facts for Women"

Send for the free booklet, "Facts for Women." Every woman should get this and read it. It is frank and authoritative; it leaves no doubt upon the subject in the mind of the reader. New as it is, enough copies have been circulated to make it already the subject of much feminine talk. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below. LI-21

☐ Facts for Women
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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(In Canada: 389 St. Paul St. West, Montreal)

JAN. 2, 1932

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"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." —*Abraham Lincoln.*

CHOKING THE LIFE OUT OF BUSINESS WITH THE INCOME TAX

We must all be prepared for higher taxes.

The legislators are asking: "How can they be raised? Where can we get more money for governmental expenses?"

The easiest answer to these queries is: Raise the percentage of our present taxes. Put a surtax on large incomes. And that method will probably be followed.

But a tax on incomes that are personally earned is a tax on business efficiency and foresight. A citizen is taxed for being successful; he is taxed for the manifestation of unusual abilities. And many people will maintain that this is entirely just.

But let us discuss the question from an angle entirely detached from the value of these rewards to the individual who earns them. That is, the influence on the building up of business generally, the advancement of the business interests of a community or the country.

The active workers who pay income tax are always successful. They have demonstrated their ability as business builders and promoters, and they are all interested exclusively in making money. They are in business for that purpose.

And when the government takes a certain share of their profits, their ability to increase their activities in the building of a bigger and more successful business, in the employment of additional workers, is greatly restricted. In other words, the money that the government takes away in the form of an income tax would otherwise be used by active men to increase their business, to make it bigger and more successful, which would mean the employment of more workers.

Why tax efficiency, creative ability—talents that contribute new ideas toward the building of greater enterprises? To be sure, the average reader will say that these men make large profits, and should give some to the government. And if looked at from that viewpoint solely that conclusion is absolutely just.

But we must admit that when a business man knows the profits he makes can be used by him for his own purposes, he is better able to plan his future activities.

And such men always make their money work. It is always invested in something which will add to their profits. And all this means more workers, more business for everybody associated with such activities.

To be sure, the income tax is strongly intrenched, and it will probably always be with us. The legislators like to go after these big fellows who make millions so easily. "They ought to pay some of it to the government," is their contention. But what does the average rich man gain beyond the privilege of working much harder than one who is merely earning a comfortable living?

Great wealth always brings wearing responsibilities. Those whose duty it is to guard riches never know when their work is done. They feel this responsibility at all times, night and day, if they hold their gains. Many never know what it is to have a sound, restful sleep. Important matters requiring careful thought and prompt attention keep them awake at night. Some executives keep memorandum paper at their bedside, which they fill during the night with data for the next day.

To be sure, the wealthy man is assured of enough to eat and the ordinary comforts of life; but any man with an ordinary salary has the same assurance without the heavy associated responsibilities. And about the only satisfaction that riches bring is a certain sense of power which so many men enjoy in spite of the weighty obligations that often make men old before their time.

The income tax, being a tax on business enterprise and creative ability, handicaps the builder, the promoter, and all those whose activities are really the source of a large part of our national wealth.

Business men everywhere at this time are afraid of the future. Any plans they might have for creating or adding to their business activities are now being deferred, but if they knew that the income tax would not be increased, that at least would be some encouragement. If they were definitely informed that the income tax would be abolished altogether, that the government would seek its funds from other sources, that one change would be an extraordinary stimulus to business.

The average citizen who pays no direct income tax to the government is naturally of the opinion that he is entirely free from such an expense. But every business executive who pays such a tax considers it an expense of his business, and adds it on to the cost of his product, and this increase in cost is passed on to the consumer.

Therefore, whether we have a direct tax on incomes, or whether the governmental expenses are assessed in another way, it does not make much difference in the end. Every buyer of merchandise pays part of the income tax in the price of whatever he purchases.

Now, if this expense is divided up among all who buy merchandise of any kind, and if governmental expenses can be collected in such a manner as not to directly tax business efficiency and foresight, the activities of such men will be tremendously stimulated. The creator, the business builder, should not be handicapped by taxation. He should be encouraged to the limit.

IN THIS ISSUE

The High Places—*A story* ..... CONRAD RICHTER 5
How Society Is Meeting the Depression ..... CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR. 13
Inside revelations on camouflaged luxury and sham economy
Rock—*A short short story* ..... LUCY SALAMANCA 17
Rule 16—*A story* ..... BOGART ROGERS 18
Why We Put Our Husbands in Jail ..... MARGARET MOULTON 26
Some answers to the complaints of the Alimony Club
Whistling Cat—*Part VIII* ..... ROBERT W. CHAMBERS 30
Picture Postscripts of 1931 ..... FREDERICK JAMES SMITH 40
A review of the year in the moving picture world
The Window of Guilt—*A story* ..... SHIRLEY SEIFERT 42
An Optical Delusion ..... BERT GREEN 47
Love Letters of an Interior Decorator
$5,000 in Prizes for Home Life Snapshots 49
Education in Exile—*Conclusion* ..... MARIE, GRAND DUCHESS OF RUSSIA 50
To the Ladies! ..... PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN 58
Editorial (p. 4); Yardleygram Solution (25); Civilization's Progress (37); Vox Pop (38-39); Bright Sayings of Children (46); Twenty Questions (48); For the Love o' Lil (56); Cross Word Puzzle (57)

The High PLACES

The Story of a Brave Man's Love for a Dog and a Mountain Girl's Surrender

By

CONRAD RICHTER

Pictures by MARSHALL FRANTZ

(Reading time: 35 minutes 31 seconds.)

THE tall young Mexican talked to himself.

"This dog dying with much homesickness."

He stood at his work in the Southwestern Dog Hospital. Behind the netting lay a brown-and-black collie. Beneath his shaggy coat was little more than skin and bone. For months he had lain here in utter solitude. His soft eyes had a look of indescribable anguish in them. His sharp nose pointed far beyond the gloomy walls and their everlasting smell of carbolic acid.

"Homesickness is bad trouble," went on the Mexican, Donociano. "I remember homesickness when I was a boy. I know why he not eat—not sleep. When Señor Corson bring him in, he look fat. His coat heavy like a sheep. Now he hardly stand on his legs. A couple week more, must dig hole for him."

He heard the doctor in his office. Donociano went to the door.

"You keep around here? I make a little business uptown."

The veterinary grumbled that he could go. Donociano got out his high-crowned black sombrero and crossed the railroad tracks to the better part of the city. The lawns looked incredibly green in this desert country. The Corson house faced the park. It was a big house. He tramped the driveway and knocked on the back door. Nobody answered.

A Mexican kitchen girl called from the next yard:

"The Corsons away!"

"Where is the Señor Corson that own the collie dog?"

"He go away a long time. Go to Europe."

"Then he must soon be back," suggested Donociano.

"Not come back for long time yet."

"How long time?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WITH the girl in his arms, he strode away, Peludo at his heels.

[THE HIGH PLACES Continued from page five]

"Maybe three months. Maybe four months. Maybe six months. Not know."

"Not can stay away six months, four months, even three months," said Donociano. "His collie dog die."

"Not know about that," said the girl, and went back to her kitchen.

Donociano stood a long time with his huge black sombrero in his hand, hopeful that the girl was wrong—that the shades at the window would suddenly rise—that Señor Corson himself would come to the door. Then he went thoughtfully back to the dog hospital.

The veterinary was sitting with one fat calf over his knee, smoking a dark cigar. Donociano took off his hat.

"You get other man for job, doctor. Quit Friday."

The veterinary frowned. Donociano was not perfect, but he was dependable. And he was strong. He took the toughest police dog in his great young hands and made it wag its tail. He had a face perhaps like Pancho Villa. But he had a heart also. He kept the pens cleaner than any Mexican before him. He handled sick and dying dogs with the tenderness of a registered nurse. Perhaps it was because he had been a sheep herder.

The doctor tried to change Donociano's mind. There was no changing it. There was no getting information out of him. If the doctor got in a new man right away, Donociano would show him the work till Friday.

The doctor hired a new Mexican. Donociano trained him. It made Donociano laugh inside to see him afraid of the big dogs.

Before the doctor went home Friday evening, he gave Donociano good-by. Silver jingled in Donociano's pocket. He sent the new man to the little store on a needless errand. When he came back, Donociano's few belongings were in a burlap sack. He said *adios* to the new man. He said he wished him luck with the big dogs. Then he closed the door of the dog hospital behind him.

In the deep shadows of a deserted tamarisk tree near the alley, the trembling dog was tied by a rope. Talking softly, Donociano untied the rope and lifted the collie in his arms. Quietly the two went down the long, unlighted alley.

SQUARES away, he stepped into the big lot adjoining the yard of the Desert Coal and Wood Company. The lot was alive with wagons and the unhitched horses of camping *laneros*. The horses munched low-grade alfalfa hay from the ground. Camp fires burned about the lot. On each squatted several coffeepots. Around the fires sat groups of mountain men. Some dozed after the long journey with their firewood. Some talked in their native tongue.

Donociano sniffed pleasedly the mingled odors of burning cedar, steaming coffee, tobacco smoke, and horseflesh. He went among the fires until he found someone he knew. It was Alfredo Gonzales, his own age, the father of a sturdy boy. Donociano and Alfredo greeted each other warmly.

"How much you want for a ride back to the mountains?" Donociano asked in Spanish.

Alfredo told him heartily there would be no charge.

"I carry only the boy and two bales of hay. We will have much talk."

"Know you," wondered Donociano, "if Porfirio needs a sheep herder?"

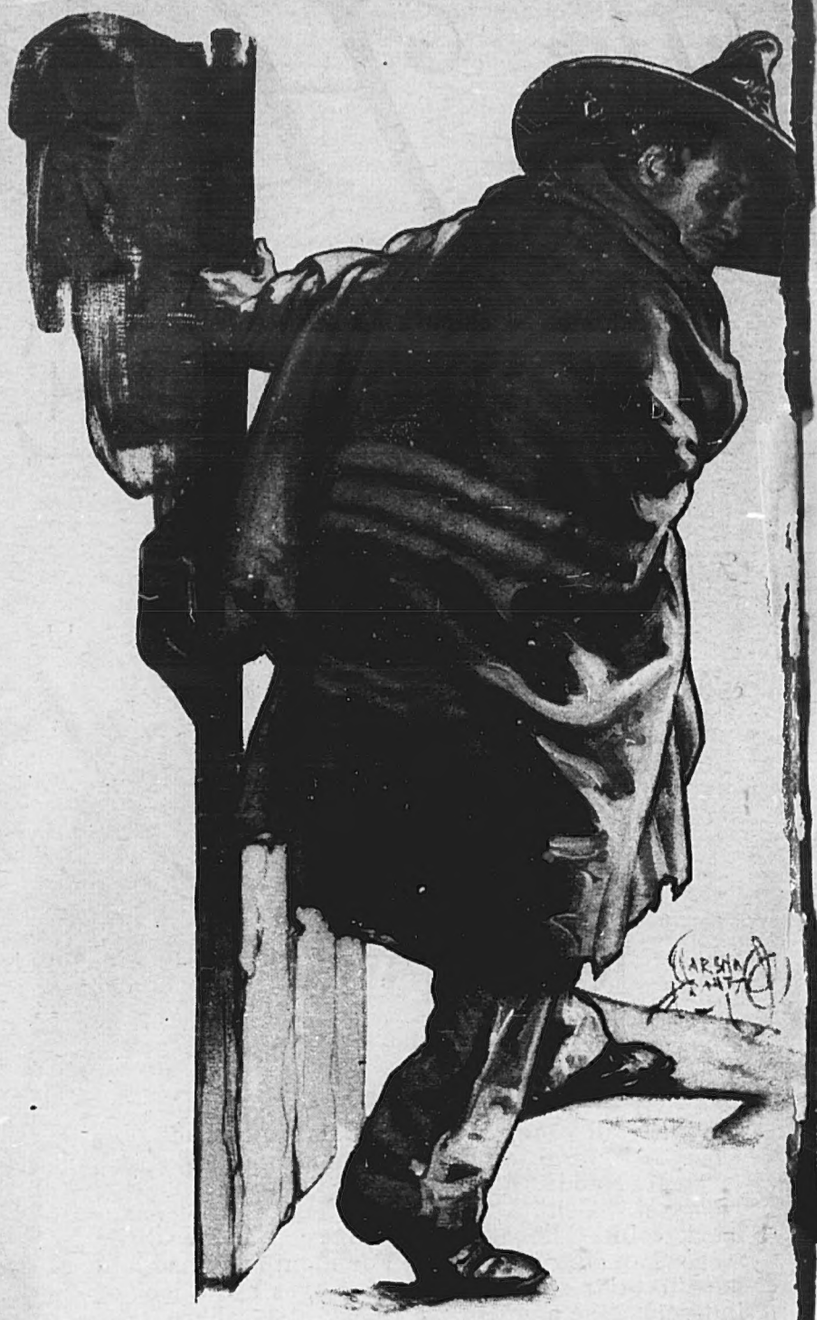
"That," declared Alfredo positively, "is one thing Porfirio needs. He has a wife. Has little ones. Has much money. But enough herders he not has. Times not are the same. It is hard today to get men to lead that lonely life."

"Not is a lonely life to me," said Donociano. "I have an *amigo*." He nodded to the dog in his arms.

"*En verdad!*" stared the *lanero*. "But Porfirio not likes dogs with his herders."

"Will like this one," said Donociano confidently. "He lacks but one thing. It is to understand Spanish. Soon teach him that."

The dog had been lying with alert eyes in Donociano's arms. His black nose had been constantly twitching with the odors of the lot. Looking down, Donociano saw the silken ears pricked erect. "Horses!" he spoke to the dog. "*Caballos!*"



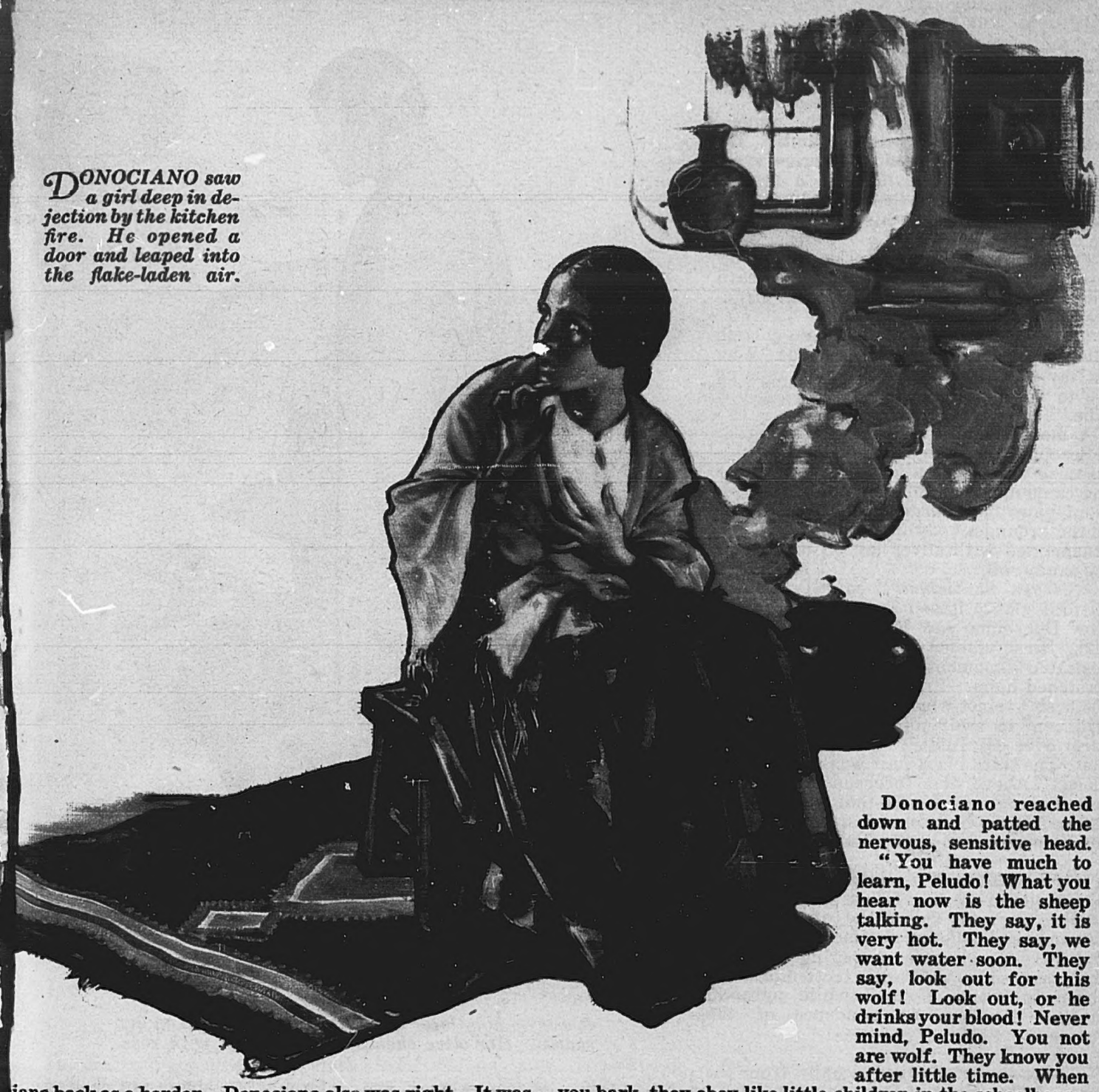
Alfredo and the boy hitched up before daylight. When the sun lifted over the mountains, the creaking wagon was halfway across the wide mesa. They were off the beaten highway on an unpaved trail used by *laneros* and horsemen. The collie lay on the bales of hay. The smell of it seemed to content him.

They stopped for early noon in a spot hallowed by generations of camping *laneros*. The ground for a distance was carpeted with the chaff of alfalfa hay. The side of a great rock had been blackened by decades of camp fires. All about them rose the cedar-dotted hills of New Mexico.

Donociano lifted the dog in his strong young arms. "I give you taste of mountain water!" he promised. "Not paints your insides with whitewash like alkali water of town." He carried the animal to a trickling spring and shallow pool in the parched arroyo. "Maybe taste the snow from the mountains!"

The collie stood in the water shakily and lapped a long time. It seemed to give him new life. Under the wagon, he bolted the food given him. Of his own accord he walked unsteadily to smell at the horses. Donociano's bronzed face shone. "Not for many pesos would I sell him," he told Alfredo. "Wait till he smells the sheep!"

Alfredo was right. Porfirio was delighted to get Dono-



DONOCIANO saw a girl deep in dejection by the kitchen fire. He opened a door and leaped into the flake-laden air.

iano back as a herder. Donociano also was right. It was greed that the dog could stay. By this time he ate and rank freely. He even ran a little.

Donociano took charge of a needy flock at once. The ollie's ears pricked hard when he first caught the strange cent. It seemed to come from a wall of brown rocks id neatly for a distance on the hillside. As they came oser, the rocks dissolved into a flock of sheep huddled gether with lowered heads during the midday heat.

T the approach of the strange man and dog, the voice of the flock rose in a steady psalmody of baas—now gh, now low, now resonant, now quavering, now broad ostonese, now soft like the cooing of doves. The collie azed with quick, sharp amazement up into Donociano's nce, then alertly back to the flock. Perhaps these hundred nd one voices stirred racial memories in his collie brain. n excited lamb ran about the edge of the flock crying for s mother. The collie's head jerked as he watched it.

"The light-brown ones are sheep! *Carneros!*" instructed Donociano. "The dark ones are goats. *Sabe?* hat white thing behind the flock not is sheep. Is a tent. hat man is our *campero*. He cooks for us. Those horses t are horses. They are burros! They carry the tent d the lazy *campero*. Me and you must walk with the eep. *Sabe?*"

Donociano reached down and patted the nervous, sensitive head.

"You have much to learn, Peludo! What you hear now is the sheep talking. They say, it is very hot. They say, we want water soon. They say, look out for this wolf! Look out, or he drinks your blood! Never mind, Peludo. You not are wolf. They know you after little time. When you bark, they obey like little children in the schoolhouse. When the old rams say no, you nip them in the leg. Soon they dance when you fiddle. *Sabe?* Careful now. We go up close. Not get excited!"

That night Donociano and Peludo lay outside the tent. The sleeping flock huddled close by. The herder, lifting himself on his elbow, saw the dog was not asleep. He lay in the soft grama grass, his head high in this new world in which he found himself. Near at hand drifted the mingled odors of a recent camp fire, of canvas, of leather boots, of grazing burros.

Each little breeze traveling over the darkened meadow brought its tale of the doings of black-tailed rabbits, of laborious pack rats, of the slim brown Southwestern fox and his lusty brother, the coyote. Distant creatures barked and hooted. The sound of running water came from the cañons. At the edge of the forest, the giant pines almost touched the sky. The big stars winked and glowed. Against them loomed the sharp triangles of the peaks.

Weeks later, on one of the high, round, grassy ridges, Peludo barked incessantly from a small cañon.

"Your business is sheep—not watch the squirrels!" replied Donociano, and remained sitting near the slowly grazing flock.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE HIGH PLACES Continued from page seven]

The dog did not cease. Instead, a curious, impatient yelping howl began to come from the cañon. Donociano looked up.

"Before it was a squirrel," he remonstrated placidly. "Now it is a lamb." He listened with half-closed, unhurried eyes. "Yes, is a lamb—maybe with a broken leg." He rose and in the leisurely gait of the sheep herder made his way down into the cañon.

The yellow sandstone rocks were timbered with pine and fir. As the collie heard him coming, he gave vent to a long, dirge-like howl. Donociano stopped.

"First it was a squirrel. Then a lamb with a broken leg. Now it is dead! Why not say that the first time? Now it is no use to howl. Life is like that. You die. I die."

A moment more and his simple herder philosophy was forgotten. He made his insecure way about a ledge of yellow rock and came upon the collie standing with his front paws on a large stone. Below him on the ground a body in overalls and a belt ornamented with silver lay on its face in the sandy soil.

"*Virgen Santisima!*" said Donociano. At first glance it had looked like a youth. Now Donociano saw by the hair it was a girl. He scrambled quickly over the rocks, hesitated a moment, then touched one outstretched hand. Praise to *Madre de Dios*, the flesh was not wholly cold and the fingers still bent in their joints. He turned the form over carefully. The face was gray-blue. The thick black hair was matted with blood. Above the forehead his fingers found an ugly gash. So that was why her saddled horse had come home riderless to the Romero corral at San Patricio!

It was an hour later when Remacita got back on her saddle. Her olive cheeks were suffused with rose.

SHIFTING the form lightly in his arms, he picked up the fallen sombrero and climbed the rocky side of the cañon. Peludo ran on ahead, pausing at times to look back and wave his plume encouragingly. Up on the grassy ridge the herder trotted past the sheep to where a small white pyramid marked the present residence of the *campero*.

"José!"

The *campero* emerged sleepily from the tent. At the sight of Donociano's burden his heavy eyes flew wide awake.

"*Ave Maria Purisima!*" he stammered. "The lost girl of Tomás Romero!"

"*Su mula blanca!*" directed Donociano.

The *campero* hastened to produce his precious bottle. They held open the discolored lips and poured a little liquid into the mouth. José's hand shook. He stared at the eyelids that neither fluttered nor opened.

"She is dead!" he said. "What expect you after so many days?"

"Life not goes so easily," replied Donociano, "or you have been dead long ago." He picked up the girl again. "I take her to San Patricio. Perhaps a doctor can help her."

"Which burro I catch for you?"

"Not wish one of your burros," spurned Donociano. "I get there today, not tomorrow. Remember, the sheep are in your hands!"

With the girl in his arms, he strode away, Peludo at his heels, and José looking after him half paralyzed.

Several hours passed. Donociano reached the first house in the Mexican village of San Patricio in the high mountain valley. A barefoot boy gave a look and ran into his house. Before Donociano had gone halfway through the scattered village, he was followed by a troop of men, women, and children. No, she is not dead; her heart still beats. No, she knows nothing. How can he know if she gets all right or no? That is for a doctor to say. She lay on her face in a little cañon below Sierra Blanca. His dog found her. He barked until he himself came. Yes, this is the dog. No, he would not sell him for all Porfirio's *carneros*.

Before he reached the Romero *casa*, the mother had run tragically to meet them. Donociano crossed the long portal. He was glad to lay his burden on the bed. It had grown very heavy. He straightened, and told the trembling mother what little he knew. Then he started back to his sheep, leaving nearly the entire village with the insensible girl.

As if nothing had come into his life, Donociano continued to sit on his heels along the grassy slopes below the lofty peaks of Teta and Pelón and the high ridge of Sierra Blanca. One afternoon was like another. Peludo hunted ground squirrels. The sheep browsed like a great lawn mower about the swell of the mountain.

One day, as his eyes rested on the far horizons, a black spot appeared to the north. It moved infinitesimally toward him, dissolved into two dark specks that finally became a pair of riders. They stopped at the small white tent, then rode toward Donociano, still crouching on his heels.

He got to his feet as they came close. He saw now it was Tomás Romero, the *juez de paz* at San Patricio, and, *Válgame Dios*, the girl! He gazed at her with slow astonishment. Her blue-gray color had vanished. Today her cheeks were soft as roses. Her eyes looked like dark pools in the Rio Frio. He should not have dreamed the silent form he carried down the mountain could look so like a flower.

THE two men passed the customary greeting. Tomás Romero pointed to his daughter. "You know her, yes?"

"I thank the *Virgen* she is mended again," said Donociano.

He felt the eyes of Tomás Romero survey him with approval.

"She not is the new-born lamb. Only strong arms could carry her so far."

"Some things make the weak strong," replied the herder gravely. He glanced to the girl, who dropped her eyes to a fringed leather stirrup.

"She gives you much thanks," went on Tomás Romero. His eyes ran over the grassy ridge. "They say you had a dog. Is it true the dog found her?"

"The credit is all the dog's," assured Donociano.

"Such a dog not is to be spit upon." Tomás Romero hesitated. "She like to see the dog."

Donociano smiled to himself. It was plain that Tomás Romero himself wanted to see the dog.

"Am surprised he not is here to bark at you," said Donociano. "Visitors are few."

He raised his voice to a single sharp shout. The sound echoed among the high places.

So far the girl had sat quietly on her horse. Her rich olive face had been expressionless as Donociano's. Now, at the sight of the collie flying up the slope, her face lighted. With a movement that was all aspen grace to Donociano's watching eyes, she slipped down from her horse. When Peludo came up to his master, she called him. Her voice was soft with all her race's musical wile. Holding up his tail cautiously, the dog went to her. He swung his plume as if satisfied, and let her stroke his head.

"IT not is everybody he will go to!" commented Donociano.

"You sell him?" asked the father.

"Not for many pesos."

"Is a dog people would come many miles to see," regretted the other.

The visitors stayed for nearly an hour. During this time the girl spoke only to the dog. Yet that night Donociano's ears echoed with her soft voice. "It was like the guitar," he repeated to himself long after cool night had settled upon the high places. "The young men maybe are right. A sheep herder leads a lonely life."

In a week or ten days the sheep had reached timber line and begun to descend with the sun. It would not be many weeks now until winter would descend on these high places. It was still summer in the valleys, yet up here only last night had seen a frost. Today the sun gave no hint of it. Donociano gratefully baked out of his bones the chill that had been frozen into them the night before.

He looked up at Peludo's kind of bark that was not for squirrels or the sheep. A rider was approaching from behind him. With a warm spurt of blood, Donociano saw it was the girl. He rose.

"*Bueno?*" he greeted gravely.

"*Bueno,*" returned the girl. She drew up her horse. Her huge Mexican saddle was like a leather-upholstered chair. She held a package in her arm.

"I bring a little present for the good dog," she mentioned shyly. "Is not all for the dog," she qualified. "You not want to look at it?" she demanded when Donociano tucked it awkwardly under his arm.

He broke open the covering of a weekly Spanish newspaper from Santa Fé. His face did not change.

"Peludo," he addressed the watching dog, "you have

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE HIGH PLACES Continued from page nine]

much good fortune. Look at this great dinner. Not had such a *fiesta* for long time. Will get very fat."

The collie with a steadily waving plume attacked his windfall. Donociano unwrapped the inner package. He gazed at its contents as he might over a crucifix or an image of one of the *santas*.

"You know what the sheep herder gets most hungry for!"

"Eat now while it is yet warm," said the girl.

"I am blessed by the *Virgen*," Donociano murmured. He bit into the *enchilada*. "Is a *banquete* in itself and food for the *santas*. Elfego in Red City not make it better."

"My own hand was the maker," said the girl shyly.

"Lucky is the man who takes you to the *padre*," declared Donociano. He looked up, his mouth full. "You are already promised, perhaps?"

"Not yet." She had lowered her eyes.

"There is somebody, then?"

"Nobody." The girl was toying with the rope on her saddle. "Not think about boys. My father has all girls. I am the oldest. Must ride out after the stock."

"*Yo se*," nodded Donociano. He understood now why this girl rode about on these uplands like a man.

"You are of the city, they say?" The girl raised her eyes.

"I like the high places best," said Donociano. "Your father not tell me your name."

"I am baptized Rema. They call me Remacita," she told him. "I want to pet the dog a little."

She slipped from her saddle. Donociano told himself it was like an aspen branch bending in the summer wind.

It was an hour later when Remacita got back on her saddle. Her olive cheeks were suffused with rose and her dark eyes shone.

"Your papa will be afraid your horse has thrown you again," said Donociano.

"I am hunting a cow and calf that are missing," she said plaintively.

"Hope you find them on the way back," Donociano offered politely.

"Not shall find them." Her face softened with mischief. "But come look for them again."

Donociano's face lighted.

"Except for the sheep, I would come to San Patricio to see you."

"A sheep herder," she mourned, "leads a lonely life."

"I think a herder should be old and ugly like José."

"Or have a nagging wife like Mateo Pallida."

"You not make a nagging wife?" he asked her.

She smiled. Then without a backward glance she galloped away, riding like part of the saddle.

THE days dragged by like logs till she came again.

"Not find my cow and calf," she said with that tender, melancholy playfulness so characteristic of her race. "I think a lion ate them."

"Me and Peludo not seen lions," said Donociano.

"When Blanca threw me in the cañon, it was a lion!"

"A ground squirrel maybe," teased Donociano.

"Maybe a mountain cat," he added magnanimously.

She pouted her warm lips.

"You not have asked me off the saddle."

"I afraid I scare you away if I ask," said Donociano.

"I get down."

The girl found him very close as she dismounted. Her wide hat tumbled off, and she felt herself in his strong arms.

"Ah, Remacita," he murmured into her raven hair. "Not good for sheep herder any more. All the time think of you—never of the sheep."

"Am glad," she breathed. "All the time am jealous of your sheep."

For three short hours they were together on those sunny uplands nearly two miles above the sea. Alternately they followed the sheep and sat upon the warm ground. They warmed their bodies and hearts in the sun as an Englishman does his in the fireplace glow.

Where the sheep had not yet cropped, the mountain meadows were sprinkled with bright flowers. Above them towered the rocky, treeless ridge of Sierra Blanca. To the other direction the earth flowed in waves of mountain and of cedar-dotted plain. Those far hills, looking like the shore of a hazy sea, were in Arizona. On a clear day when the wind blew from the north you could see into old Mexico.

Steadily now the sheep grazed farther down from the high places. Finally it was getting to Christmas, and the lofty peaks were white with snow. Many cars came from Red City to the forest ranger's cabin for Christmas trees. The business corners in Red City were green with Christmas trees for sale at this season. But many cars drove to the mountain anyhow. Donociano understood why they came. It was an excuse to go to the high places.

Two cars were held up while Donociano's sheep crossed the road. The women in the first car said, "Oh, the pretty sheep!" and scrambled out to take pictures. They were quick to drive on when the last of the sheep passed with the herder and his dog bringing up the rear. But the man in the second car did not drive on. He was an important-looking man. His clothes were very fine. He stepped to the ground and called, "Here, Scotty, Scotty!" in a loud, commanding voice.

DONOCIANO saw the collie brighten; the tail swayed. He started toward the calling man, let him pet his shaggy fur a little, then came racing back to Donociano. He leaned against the herder's rough leg and looked affectionately up into the bronzed face.

The well dressed visitor came up with sharp strides. Donociano recognized him now. It was Señor Corson, who had brought Peludo to the dog hospital.

"Where'd you get that dog?" he demanded.

"Get him long time ago," Donociano answered stolidly. "For long time help me herd sheep."

"Who gave him to you?" The question followed like a rifle ball.

Donociano retired under an armor of impassiveness.

"Maybe some man I know." He shrugged his shoulders. "Not say who."

"Well, he's my dog!" declared Señor Corson. "And he's going back with me right now!"

Hate flooded Donociano's blood, but not an eyelid of that bronze mask quivered. He heard the dog's legal owner call Peludo; saw him pick him up bodily in his arms and place him inside the car. The collie jumped immediately upon the rear seat and whined. Señor Corson followed, closed the door, and slid under the wheel. On second thought he opened the window a few inches and called out defiantly:

"If you don't like it, you can go see the sheriff at Red City!"

He backed the car about sharply. The collie stood with his front paws on the rear seat, looking out of the back window. Donociano stared for a long time after it. When he turned to the sheep, the flock was nearly a mile away.

For three weeks Donociano mechanically followed the sheep. When José asked where Peludo was, he only shrugged his shoulders. Remacita was not to be put off so easily. She herself had seen Peludo pass through San Patricio in a big car. The dog had stood up at the window as if he wanted to get out.

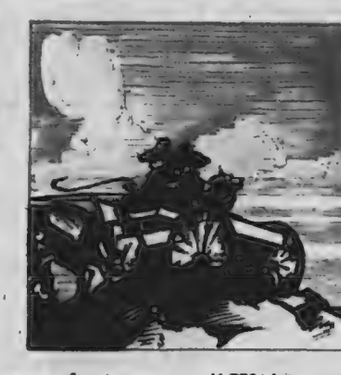
Was the collie stolen? Did Donociano sell him? Was Peludo coming back again? No, Donociano answered, the collie was not stolen. Donociano had not sold him. And Peludo would not be back again. He saw Remacita give him the same strange look he caught in the eyes of José over the little camp fire.

Many times a day Donociano caught himself turning for Peludo, or his eyes hunted for that shaggy figure

among the sheep, or his ears listened for his bark. He felt hate like hot coals burning up in him for the well dressed señor who had left Peludo to die and then taken him back well and strong to the city. A feeling of restlessness, like the autumn wind in the high places, drifted over him.

He sent word to Porfirio he no longer could herd the sheep. Porfirio rode up to the flock in person, gave him some silver, and told him to take a few days off. He would send his son-in-law to follow the sheep till Donociano got back.

Donociano seized the days off like a hand taking silver. Late the next night he was in Red City. The air was very bright and sunny down off the mountains. He basked on the street corners. He visited his friends. Once he passed the dog hospital. He did not go in.



He found his feet drifting to the park in front of the big Corson home. He walked by the house several times, but his eye found no shaggy brown-and-black coat, no plumed tail. He remembered the kitchen girl next door. He went into the back yard and rapped on the neighbor's door. Yes, the girl had seen the dog for a while. Then one day he was gone. Maybe he was dead.

With heavy feet Donociano went back to the mountains. He had bad luck all around. No *laneros* from the San Patricio country were in town. He had *muy lejos* to walk. He cut across the cedar-dotted hills. He did not pass through San Patricio.

Then, when he approached the flock, Peludo himself rushed forward to meet him. The collie yelped with joy and tried to reach his face with an eager tongue.

"How long Peludo is here?" he asked José and the substitute herder.

"Only came now," they told him. "We thought you bring him."

Donociano said nothing more. He thought it would mean much happiness to get the collie back again. Now that he was back, he felt only distress. It was not Peludo's fault. But when Señor Corson took him back this time, it would mean a lock and chain—perhaps a dark cage in the dog hospital.

He looked up at the sound of hoofs. Two men from San Patricio were passing on horseback. They waved, and Donociano and the herder waved. "Now makes trouble," Donociano said to himself. "They see dog back again." Aloud he spoke to the herder: "Not take over herd for little time yet."

With Peludo at his heels, he went to José's tent and took an old sheepskin. Then he and the dog went up the mountain valley.

OUT of sight of the herders, he cut sharply up the mountain side. Already snow lay in the shadows. Soon snow lay even in the sun. It grew deeper. They reached the first aspen grove. They tramped through the belts of giant pine and *pino real*, which is really a fir. By the time they reached the spruce, man and dog were weary. The spruce forests were thick and dim. Here and there they came out into dazzling white parks and mountain meadows where during the summer the sheep had cropped. They climbed on. The bark of the aspens grew darker. The trunks became gnarled and squat. So became the trunks of the spruce. Close above now through the thinning trees he could see the white rim above timber line.

The old cabin stood in a few scattered aspens and Engelmann spruce. In summer a small spring trickled near. Much snow had drifted into the cabin. *Muy bien!* It would make plenty water for Peludo. It was very cold up here even in the sun. An arctic chill hung in the air. He gave Peludo the end of ham he had brought for himself from town.

"Here are safe," he promised. "When Señor Corson comes from town, not find you. When he goes, then I come up and get you, and we walk with the sheep again."

He threw the piece of sheepskin on the floor, and the tired dog lay on it.

"Watch this!" he instructed sternly. "Not let wild animal take! *Cuidado! Adios.* In a few days come again. Bring *muchos frijoles* from pot of José."

A very tired Donociano took charge of the flock that evening. He told Porfirio's son-in-law he had business to be away again *Sábado*. The substitute herder said he would come. But the day before *Sábado* snow fell even down in the valley. The mountains were hidden under heavy driving clouds. Donociano could hear the wind in the forests even from here.

Despite the snow, a car appeared on the road. Two men stepped out. When they had come close, Donociano saw one was Señor Corson in a fur overcoat. The other man took Donociano's arm.

"Come along, and bring the dog!" he ordered.

Donociano did not move. "Not leave my sheep. Is against the law!"

The big man jerked him impatiently by the arm.

"We'll see that your sheep get a herder. Where's the dog?"

"Señor Corson come get the dog," said Donociano stolidly.

"Sure he did—a couple weeks ago! And this week you sneaked off to Red City and stole him back again!"

"Not steal dog like you say!" Donociano protested.

"Tell that to the judge," said the sheriff. "We've got the witnesses that saw you with the dog."

They took him back to San Patricio in the car. A little crowd of natives had already gathered outside of the house of Tomás Romero. The sheriff led the way to a room directly off the long portal. The walls were immaculately whitewashed. Colored prints of the *santas* in hammered tin frames hung about. A niche held the image of the Virgin. The floor was of bare pine. In one corner stood a wooden bed. Pine benches varnished by long usage stood along the walls. It was the court of the local *juez de paz*, also his and his *esposa's* bedroom.

THE *juez de paz* hurried in from another room. He had evidently shaved and changed in haste to a clean shirt. He seated himself at his pine table. His sharp look to Donociano seemed to say, "So you are a *ladrón*, a worthless fellow! Porfirio is lucky if he not has lost some of his sheep. I still am luckier not have lost a daughter to a robber and a thief."

The village men filed in and seated themselves on the available benches. For them it was a *fiesta*. They exchanged festive gutturals. "Yesterday Donociano was a *pino real*. Today he is the little *piñón*. His wonderful dog that everybody praised was only a stolen one. Remacita is sad to lose a prospective *esposo* to the Red City *calabozo*, but Tomás not is sorry to lose a prospective son-in-law."

The *juez de paz* appeared flustered to conduct a case in the presence of the *rico Americano* and the Red City sheriff. They had things much their own way. Witnesses admitted they had seen the shaggy collie with Donociano after he had come back from Red City. Tomás Romero had no other course than to sign the paper committing the defendant to the Red City courts for trial.

The sheriff took Donociano's arm.

"Come on! You're going to the bull pen."

"I go," said Donociano. He shook off the sheriff's arm and stood straight and immobile as an Indian. He faced the fur-coated Señor Corson. "But you not can go!"

"I what?" demanded the American.

"Peludo, the dog you say I stole," said Donociano, "now keep in the old Sanchez cabin up under the rim. Not had to eat for several days now. You must get him today or soon be dead."

"Now we got a confession!" declared the sheriff in high humor. He nudged his American companion. "Give one of these hombres five dollars and they'll get your dog for you."

"No can get," returned Donociano stolidly. "Gave Peludo sheepskin. Told him watch. Not let anybody in or go with anybody except me or Señor Corson."

The sheriff and the owner of the dog exchanged glances.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE HIGH PLACES
Continued from page eleven]

"I guess I'll have to ride up the mountain and get him," decided the latter. "One of these natives can show me the way." He fetched out some silver dollars from his pocket and spoke to the *juez de paz*.

Tomás Romero answered with Latin volubility. "The señor must not try to take either man or horse to the rim today. Nor tomorrow! Not for few days! Halfway up the mountains a terrible blizzard rages. The timber line where the cabin stands is up still much farther. A man and horse would be exhausted long before they reached the spruce forests. They would become blinded, frozen, lost. The young cattle feeding up the mountain would find them in the spring."

Señor Corson had listened soberly.

"Maybe it would be best," he agreed, "to put it off till next week."

"Next week," announced Donociano stolidly, "Peludo dead."

The legal owner of the dog stirred uncomfortably under those dark eyes.

"The justice just said no man could get there alive!" he protested.

"You afraid?" asked Donociano. His Indian blood made his face a mask. "Your dog up there alone. Has much hunger. Has much weakness. Has very much cold. Not know if anybody come for him. Not know how soon he die."

Señor Corson looked unhappy, but he volunteered no promise to go. The sheriff elbowed in.

"No dog's worth the price of a man's life," he declared. "If you put him up there, Donociano, that's your funeral! Now we're going to town."

The legal owner of the dog hesitated.

"Just a minute, sheriff! Perhaps he would get the dog?" He nodded toward Donociano.

"Get away, you mean!" snorted the sheriff. "He'd climb the mountain all right as far as we'd be looking at him. Then he'd light out for Arizona or old Mexico. You'd never see him alive, or the dog either!"

Donociano looked around for a final glimpse of Remacita. Her short mother peered in with unreadable eyes from a doorway. Donociano dropped his hat. He bent to pick it up. Another moment and he was running like a deer straight for the doorway that held the wife of Tomás Romero.

"Stop or I'll shoot!" roared the sheriff.

Donociano did not stop. The sheriff did not shoot. He might have killed the wife of the *juez de paz* or one of a dozen scattering spectators. Donociano saw a girl deep in dejection by the kitchen fire. It was Remacita.

"Not be sad!" Donociano called to her as he opened a door and leaped into the flake-laden air. He skirted the dobe structure. He dodged around the corral and between adjoining corrals. Soon he trotted, panting but safe, among the *piñons* and cedars that stood like scattered, frozen women in the driving snow.

IN the deep cañons the snow had already sifted in great deceptive drifts. Donociano left the Sanchez trail for the ridges where the wind kept the white layer thin and hard. In the valley the flakes had been like goose feathers. Their touch had been soft and moist as the lips of Remacita. Up here they were like flying white sand, their touch hard and dry like the impact of discharged shot. They bounced from his outer trousers and coat, but the wind did not bounce. It tore its way through to Donociano's brown skin. Sometimes he looked to see if his clothes had blown away and left him tramping naked in the blast. The fine white flakes hunted out his face and neck, and stung like knife pricks.

The snow steadily logged his steps. The wind, driving down the mountain like some savage horde, fought him without quarter. When he reached the first of the aspens, he puzzled thickly that in all this eternity he had gone no farther. The sound of the wind in the giant pines was like a great roaring in his ears.

There was no sign of life. The mountain forest, so teeming with life in summer and spring, stretched like a desolate uphill waste. The horizontal lines of the driving snow moved endlessly like the streaks of a revolving curtain before his eyes. Sticks, branches of evergreen, twigs of scrub oak, dried plants of summer scurried like flying ducks or leaping rabbits across his path. The occasional open parks, the shelterless forest meadows, were places of much difficulty to cross.

Each thousand feet of altitude the cold grew more intense. The thick spruce forest gleamed with a wild, mad light he had never before seen in these gloomy depths. The close stand of trees groaned and cracked. They tossed and fought. Paroxysm followed paroxysm. His benumbed brain tried to waken from this nightmare, this eternal seeking without finding. He felt that he had been cut off forever from the world of sheep and humankind, of fire, shelter, hot food and drink. His head grew dull and insensible as his arms. Only those long brown legs hardened by months of marching behind his sheep kept blindly wading, plodding, climbing.

"YESTERDAY think I know the breath of the high places," he muttered to himself. "Know nothing. Never know before this white bull of the skies. Now know why the white skin of the high aspens gets rough and brown. Now know why aspens not young and *fresco* up here. Now know why grow little, bent and ugly like old men." His heart felt with these gnarled trees a deep, painful brotherhood.

After hours he heard a bark through the blast. He felt his frozen hands against a rough-lumbered door. For a long time he bent down with closed eyes and held the shaggy body of the dog close for warmth. Then together they started down the long mountain. The collie hugged his heels, hair and tail flying in the icy wind. Donociano's tracks of only a few minutes before had already been effaced.

It was growing dark when above the lower Sanchez trail he stumbled around a dense young stand of silver fir and saw below him a party on horseback. His surprised eyes made out Tomás Romero, Remacita, Alfredo Gonzales, and—*Jesús Maria!*—Señor Corson.

Remacita shouted shrilly to him. Peludo pricked his ears and gazed up at Donociano inquiringly.

"Smell the high places while you can," Donociano told him. "Now we go to Red City. You go in one cage, I go in other."

The party waited for Donociano to descend.

"You crazy *muchacho*, climbing to the high places today for a dog!" chided Tomás Romero.

"Then you people crazy *también*," replied Donociano.

"We not come for dog," declared Tomás. "We look for you. Pronto after you run from the house, Alfredo come. He tell Señor Corson and sheriff what he know. Last week he come home from Red City. On mesa, dog catch up. Dog remember horses a little. Travel with him a little. Then, when he stop for *comida*, dog run on." He turned for confirmation to Alfredo, who nodded violently.

"Dog not stolen. Come himself! Come to find Donociano. Come back to sheep and mountain places."

Señor Corson had been following the rapid mountain Spanish. Now, when Donociano looked at him, he smiled a little. Donociano's stolid face did not relax, but inside he felt surprise that the *rico Americano* could look so pleasant.

"I'm glad you and the dog are all right, Donociano," he said. "I hope you're going to let me come out sometimes and see him?"

Donociano stared. He looked at the others, and found widely grinning faces. Then his Indian mask broke.

"Me and Remacita married soon. Then you come for Spanish dinner!"

He turned to Remacita, who laughed with embarrassment at the attention. It was a mountain girl's way of saying she felt pleased, honored, and *muy* happy.

THE END

How *Society is Meeting the* Depression

An Insider's Revelations of Camouflaged Luxury and Sham Economy

By

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

Pictures by Robert A. Cameron

(Reading time: 12 minutes 10 seconds.)

WHEN Henry L. Doherty, Cities Service magnate, last year staged the so-called million-dollar coming-out party for his scintillating débutante daughter at the fashionable Mayflower Hotel in Washington, there were rumblings of discontent throughout the country. To the millions who were affected in one way or another by the Great Depression, the Doherty splurge didn't set so well. There was too great a contrast between the affluent, care-free gentlemen in swallowtails who danced with lovely ladies at the Doherty affair, and the lean, parchment-faced flotsam who shivered in the long lines outside the soup kitchens.

So America's wealthy social leaders, their ears to the ground, took a tip. The result today is that those of the élite whose fortunes are still virtually intact have reefed their sails—pulled in their horns, so to speak—and, while they are at this very moment careening through just as gay and luxurious a routine as ever, they're going to no end of trouble to screen their activities from the man in the street.

To be blunt about it, many of the country's first families are prepared for the worst. They see the possibility of long vistas of hungry faces in bread lines again this winter, and they fear the red specter of revolution. Therefore, to all outward appearances, the whales of the social stream are going in for economy in a big way in a frantic effort to allay any smoldering resentment.

Too, it is my understanding from a very reliable source that no less a force than Uncle Sam has warned certain noted personages to use the soft pedal until the depression blows over. There are several yachts, built in Europe for American cus-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

There will be plenty of playing, drinking, and love-making at the winter resorts, but those in charge of things are going to see to it that the country doesn't get wise.

[HOW SOCIETY IS MEETING THE DEPRESSION]
Continued from page thirteen

tomers, on which deliveries are being delayed because—an informant tells me—Washington has said, "Wait a while."

Then there's a reason why about half of our most prominent families are not cutting such fantastic capers on the rink of display. And that reason is—depleted income. Prior to those panicky days in October, 1929, when the gas escaped from the stock-market balloon, the average well-to-do society family had an income somewhere in the neighborhood of $400,000 a year, or $8,000 a week. At that time there were almost a score of men with earnings of a million dollars annually, and four individuals who each gathered in more than two cool millions each twelve months.

Today, however, there are only a few society men with incomes of more than a million dollars, and the annual intake of many social leaders has dropped from $400,000 to $150,000, thereby making it necessary to struggle along on $3,000 a week.

The consequence is that the budget guillotine is working overtime and heads are dropping into the basket of economy like hail. There are many unopened mansions on Fifth Avenue, Lake Shore Drive, the Philadelphia Main Line, and Los Angeles' Wilshire Boulevard, owing to the fact that it costs anywhere from $15,000 to $75,000 to keep up appearances during the winter season in such places as New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Los Angeles, depending on the size of the winter residence and the extent of entertaining at dinners, dances, and cocktail parties. Then there is the item of opera and theater boxes, costing from $2,500 to $30,000 the season.

An ocean voyage is comparatively inexpensive.

Another item feeling the pinch of economy is the summer home at Newport, Southampton, Bar Harbor, Saratoga, Lake Forest, or Santa Barbara, which runs about half the cost of a winter residence. Not forgetting the spring and autumn cures at health resorts, and fox-hunting in New Jersey and Maryland, all of which runs into additional money. And let's not overlook the yachts. The average vessel dents its owner's bank roll to the tune of at least $10,000 a month. Which is precisely why so many of them have been on the market these past two years.

In other words, half of society has ceased to splurge because of depleted income; while the other half, with as much money as ever, is afraid to cut capers.

LET us first consider how the depression is being met by those still in the big money.

The past season at Newport was one of the quietest in years, but things were never livelier at Bar Harbor, Southampton, and Saratoga. Newport, that charming little city on the edge of Narragansett Bay, has borne the brunt of every social upheaval and summer scandal for upward of fifty years.

The eyes of the nation, therefore, are constantly on Newport, and last summer she could not afford to lay herself open to further criticism.

Newport, therefore, muffled things beautifully. Entertaining was carried on with a maximum of privacy and a minimum of display. There was not a single luncheon or dinner at which more than seventy-five persons were present, in contrast to the big affairs of a few years ago. Large veranda balls that another generation had inaugurated were ruled out at Newport last year. Quiet dances were held nightly at the Clambake Club and weekly at the Casino, but those in charge saw to it that the great god Publicity was not in attendance.

Whenever the self-imposed restraint grew irksome, Newporters boarded yachts, speed boats, or hydroplanes and sped to Bar Harbor, Saratoga, and other playgrounds of the élite that are not so conspicuously in the public eye. But even when elaborate affairs were held there, they were "in the interest of charity."

From what I can learn in advance, virtually the same situation will prevail this winter at Palm Beach, Miami, Havana, Nassau, and Bermuda.

While Northern homes will be closed and penthouses will be subleased, there will be plenty of playing, drinking, and love-making at the winter resorts, but those in charge of things are going to see to it that the country as a whole doesn't get wise.

Another depression angle that wealthy but chiseling social luminaries have been quick to seize upon is the poverty-pleading racket. Many a millionaire tightwad is today living in grandeur behind the protective arm of fictitious market losses, thereby not being obliged to pony up here, there, and everywhere for charity. He may continue to occupy his luxurious home, it is true; but that does not prevent him from pleading poverty. He merely shrugs his shoulders and points out that while he still has his priceless *objets d'art*, rare tapestries, age-old paintings and vases, and costly antiques, he can't dispose of them when money is tight. And who, queries the millionaire, would want to buy his mansion when the real-estate market is lower than a sunken submarine?

MANY persons are under the erroneous impression that *everyone* was affected by the Wall Street hemorrhage of 1929, and the subsequent blue funk. It's true that the smartest of the smart went over the hurdles for plenty; but on the other hand it must be remembered that the male members of the old long-established wealthy families have for years been trained in the exacting art of keeping fabulous fortunes intact. Not only that, but such people have the wherewithal to employ highly skilled—and conservative—financial experts. Thus, with the benefit of their own training plus purchased advice, such men are just as likely to make money as not in times of depression.

Certainly when a market crash comes along their losses are not so great as those of men who speculate, for your millionaire society men are not the speculating type. The few who do speculate do so with the benefit of *bona fide* inside information.

For example, several of my friends placed "sell short" orders with their brokers ten days before the great market crash.

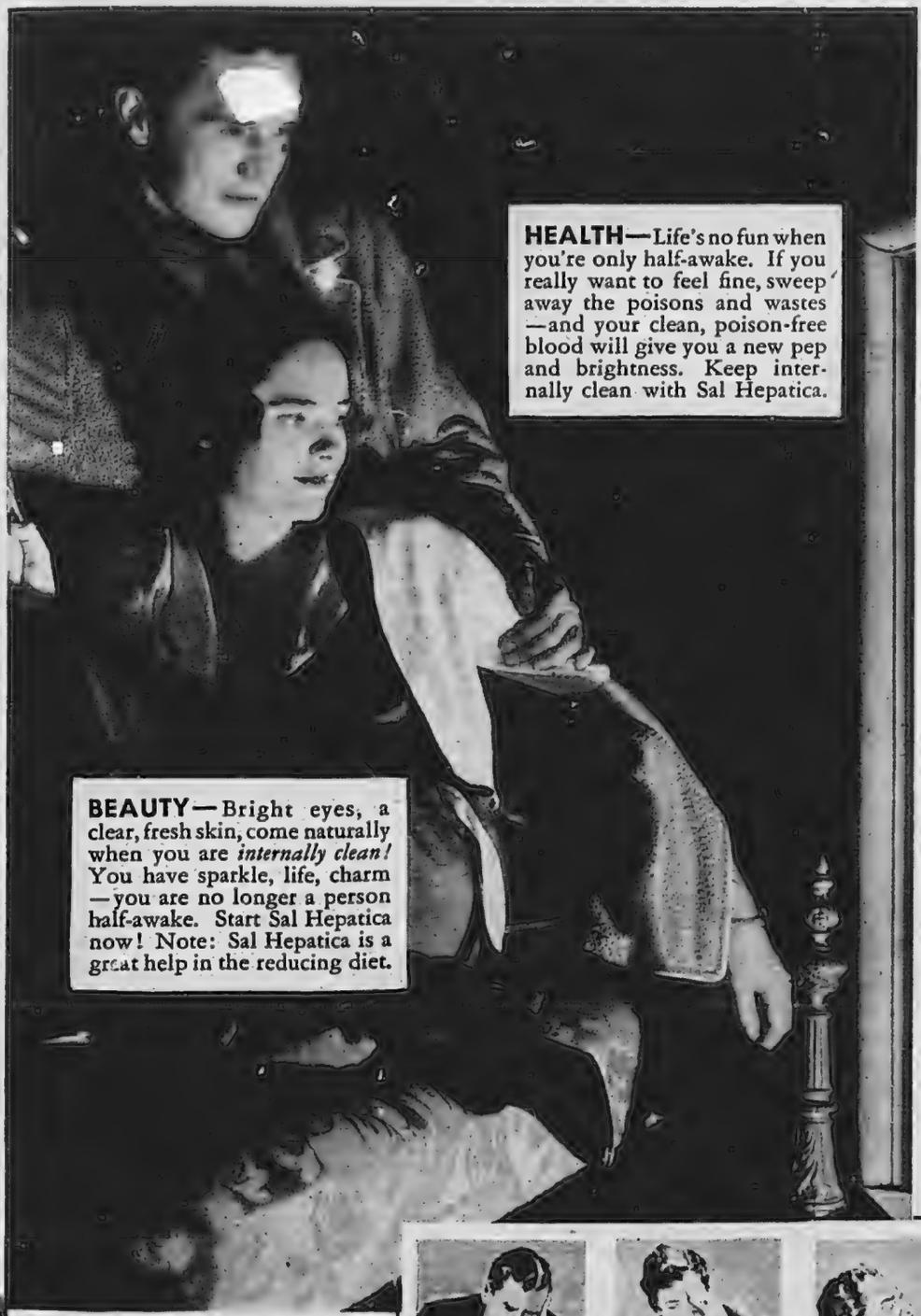
And, while uninformed investors were renting twentieth-story hotel rooms for purposes of self-destruction, the gentlemen I speak of sat sipping their brandy, blowing blue perfecto smoke to the ceiling, and smiling sagely.

While the records of society's financial dealings include such disasters as the dynamiting of the Gould fortune two decades ago, the romance of another great fortune, which increased fifty million dollars in five years, is the rule rather than the exception. Your blue-blood millionaire has the key to graduating wealth in his vest pocket, and he's the copyright owner.

The precautions of the wealthy who see visions of revolution do not end with the camouflage of economy. Many of them have purchased homes in southern France and in Italy, and at the first sign of any nation-wide disturbance they would be off to foreign lands in their yachts.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE SIXTEEN]

Take Sal Hepatica and stop living a Half-awake Life!



HEALTH—Life's no fun when you're only half-awake. If you really want to feel fine, sweep away the poisons and wastes—and your clean, poison-free blood will give you a new pep and brightness. Keep internally clean with Sal Hepatica.

BEAUTY—Bright eyes, a clear, fresh skin, come naturally when you are *internally clean!* You have sparkle, life, charm—you are no longer a person half-awake. Start Sal Hepatica now! Note: Sal Hepatica is a great help in the reducing diet.

WHEN you feel dull and half-alive and out-of-sorts, and wonder why *you* can't get as much joy out of life as *some* people do—then it's high time to find out about Sal Hepatica.

You'll not feel any different until you've cleared the poisons and wastes from your system. You have to keep internally clean to know what zest and joy are!

Take a Saline Treatment with Sal Hepatica. Find out what it is to feel top-notch and get all the fun that's coming to you!

Today—go to a drug store and get a bottle of Sal Hepatica. First thing tomorrow morning, stir a teaspoon or so of Sal Hepatica salts into a glass of clear water—and drink down the sparkling mixture.

"Just another laxative"? Sal Hepatica? If you think that, you're wrong! Sal Hepatica is a carefully blended *saline*. It contains the same salines as do the health springs at the European spas, to which physicians send their wealthy patients to recover their health and good spirits.

Sal Hepatica does what no ordinary laxative can do—it clears the bloodstream . . . flushes away the poisons. It tones up the system. It rids you of colds, rheumatism, headaches, digestive disorders, complexion blemishes. It wakes up the body to a new sense for the joy of existence!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. A-12, 71 West St., N. Y.

Kindly send me the free booklet, which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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Sal Hepatica

CONSTIPATION

Whenever you wake up with any symptoms of constipation—take 2 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Promptly, gently, the wastes will be flushed away.

HEADACHE

To relieve congestion which causes so many headaches, take a teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water and repeat in 15 minutes if not relieved.

COLDS

The first step in clearing a cold is to flush out the system with 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Continue before breakfast to keep free of congestion.

BAD COMPLEXION

To keep the bloodstream clear of impurities that often cause blemishes, take 1 teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water—for a week, or as long as necessary.

RHEUMATISM

As an eliminant, flush the system with 2 to 4 teaspoons of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Keep free of acidity by taking 1 to 2 teaspoonfuls before meals and retiring.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

Large parts of many American fortunes today rest in foreign vaults, and if things should come to the worst in the United States, several prominent Americans would change their nationality overnight—just so long as they could continue to lead the life of Riley.

It is interesting to note that since the beginning of the depression the yachts of society millionaires have invariably been anchored in places where their owners could board them on short notice. One day last fall, as I sat on the afterdeck of a social leader's magnificent yacht, that fact was brought home to me quite forcibly. The yacht was anchored at the New York Yacht Club landing at the foot of East Twenty-sixth Street, Manhattan. Near by were five others, each the property of a celebrity of great wealth. The owners of the vessels were all within twenty minutes of the dock.

So much, then, for the manner in which the still wealthy members of society are "coping with" the depression. But what are the less affluent of the élite doing by way of having fun?

The answer, I assure you, while not generally known, is quite simple.

In the first place, elaborate entertainments are *out*. Parents who a few years ago engaged the ballroom and a whole floor of a swanky hotel for the coming-out party of a deadpan daughter now hold the affair in their own home. That saves anywhere from $20,000 to $30,000 in a solo ax swing. Sometimes the excuse offered for the conservation is that the money thus saved is being donated to charity or the unemployed. Which is the cue for the wise ones to have another drink, then stroll out to the solarium for a good laugh up their sleeves.

Too, economy is the ruling passion when it comes to the entertainment supplied at coming-out parties or other affairs. A pianist or a couple of lisping tenors now take the place of a big orchestra, and bathtub gin, flowing under the protective cloak of highly flavored fruit juices, has eased expensive imported bottled goods out of the picture.

OTHERS of my society friends have found an oasis in the desert of depression by closing down their offices and dismissing their household staffs (no mean saving, by the way) and boarding big ocean liners for cruises to various parts of the world. To the man in the street a trip around the world is a never-to-be-realized dream—the pinnacle of luxury and leisure. To society people, however, who have been used to their own yachts, specially built cars, and three or four homes, an ocean voyage, even on the most luxurious of steamers, is a comparatively inexpensive proposition.

A cruise *de luxe* for a society couple with a family of two or three, plus a maid, nurse, and valet, can be made for less than $5,000 a month, which is quite a saving, considering that a figure several times $5,000 bobs up when a similar family puts on a month's front on *terra firma*, with summer and winter homes, entertainments, sporting events, and other blue-blood activities. Jaunts to the Arizona dude ranches, sunny California, the rhythmic Hawaiian Islands, or the south of France can be made for anywhere from $1,500 to $5,000.

And consider, if you will, the depression-time advantages of such trips, especially the ocean voyage, with its four Ds—deck-strolling, dancing, dining, and drinking. Aboard ship—if you don't count the stewards—there's no one to ask for alms. And there are no bread lines to look at. And no creditors at the servants' entrance. In contrast, there's one new port after another. New faces. New thrills. In fine, to hell with what's going on back in the United States!

Certain of my younger friends whose names are within the pearly confines of the Social Register have resorted to various well known rackets to augment their shrunken incomes. I spoke at length of the various society rackets in Liberty a few months ago. The most popular one at the present moment is the sponsoring of the *nouveau riche* who have social aspirations.

Today is the golden hour—rainbow's end—for Mr. Schwartz, who mopped up in the plumbing supply business, and Mr. Garfinkle (children's and misses' dresses), and their wives, of course. For all that's necessary to break into society today is some ready cash, a halfway decent front, and an introduction to a financially depressed social nabob. He'll take your money and you'll get into society. It's simple.

OF course, the Schwartzes and the Garfinkles will only last until the depression is over and society as a whole is back on its feet once more. Then the interlopers will get the icy rub without ceremony. Those of you who have recently entered society *via* the lucre route please take note.

According to the head of a large New York detective agency, another racket practiced today by financially embarrassed social lights is tipping off the United States government to jewel smugglers. When the double-crossers, usually in Europe, find out that some of their more affluent friends have made purchases on which there is a heavy duty, they write to Washington. Then, if the purchasers fail to make the proper declarations when passing through the customs upon their return to this country, they are stiffly fined. Ninety days later the informant receives a check for twenty-five per cent of the fine—which mounts up when you consider the fact that $25,000 fines are not at all unusual.

Hundreds of young couples in society are being carried along by their more affluent parents. But they've been ordered to cut out the high flying, under threat to stop payment. So now, in New York, instead of throwing big parties at the hotels and night clubs, and ordering champagne at twenty-five dollars the pop, they're finding life just as pleasant in the well appointed speakeasies in the East Fifties, where the drinks never run over a dollar a mixing. In fact, there's one new speakeasy where one may drink oneself under the table for two dollars between the hours of three and five in the afternoon. Good liquor, too, and society is giving the place quite a play.

So the next time you read a reporter's pipe dream to the effect that society is suffering as much as anybody else during the depression, take it with a grain of salt. Don't worry about the Social Registerites; they're getting along fine, thank you!

THE END

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ROCK

A Short Short Story

By

LUCY SALAMANCA

(Reading time: 5 minutes 35 seconds.)

STEVE MERNIHAN was eating his lunch in the bishop's garden. There was nothing extraordinary in this. For fifteen summers now Steve had eaten his lunch on the stone bench beside the pool blanketed in lily pads. For fifteen summers he had contemplated daily the leaf patterns dancing across the face and wheel of St. Catherine in the old stones set at the base of the wall, pondering the crudity of ancient stonecutters as he snapped voraciously at thick slabs of bread. But today was different. Today, as Steve bolted his bread and cheese, the bishop lay dying.

Several hundred yards distant, the other side of the yew hedge, rose the great cathedral, over which the bishop had presided faithfully and well for many years. When the bishop had first taken charge, only this garden and the little house at the gate, buried in ivy vines, broke a level sweep of green acres at the fringes of a great city. Steve had come a year later, led thence by talk of a "big job"—a job that promised a good mason life work. There had been a great hole in the ground the other side of the yew hedge then, and workmen were laying the first stones.

Steve and the bishop had watched the structure grow, stone by stone, these fifteen years: the bishop as responsive contributions poured in; Steve as the walls heightened under his hand and altars and arches took shape.

One day the bishop had placed a hand on Steve's shoulder and told him, "We're building a mighty cathedral!"

Since the completion of the crypt chapels, men, women, and children had come from far and wide to visit the cathedral. They had come to pay tribute to the illustrious dead who rested there—a great statesman, a famous admiral, consecrated bishops.

Well, Steve's dead lay buried there, too. That was his secret. No one knew. Not even the bishop. The bishop least of all, for it was he who had explained the impossibility of granting such a request ten years and thirty days ago. Steve remembered the gentleness with which he had pointed out that provision had been made within those walls only for the nation's great, citizens whose lives had been distinguished by national service. But, in a way, it was the bishop's cathedral, too. And the bishop was dying. He ought to be told.

The man gathered up the fragments of his lunch and crammed them into the battered box. He felt sadder than any day since that morning Mary Mernihan had died. Dropping the little box suddenly behind a clump of boxwood, Steve shuffled down the graveled path to the door of the ivy-covered cottage. . . .

"But I gotta see him," Steve declared doggedly for the third time.

The manservant's suavity dropped from him like a cloak.

"An' I tell you you'll do nothing of the kind," he announced tartly; "the bishop is a very sick man."

The bishop's bed had been moved into his downstairs study. From the window of this room he could look out upon the great cathedral. The door of this room was slightly ajar.

"I gotta see him," Steve insisted, pushing past the outraged manservant. The bishop rolled tired eyes to the figure that loomed in the doorway. A nurse rose hurriedly from her seat by the window.

"This is preposterous . . . you can't . . ."

But the bishop spoke suddenly in a hoarse, hesitant voice from the great bed.

"Let him come in," he said. His head rolled loosely to one side, as if he had no control over the cords that stood out on his thin neck. He smiled up at Steve.

"We're building a mighty cathedral," he said, as he had on that other afternoon. But now his eyes glittered strangely. The man at his bedside was shocked at the change in a once serene and gentle face. He wanted to get his story over with quickly and go. He had not been so close to death in many years.

"Ten years since you last called . . . isn't it?"

"That's what I come about," said Steve. "Ten years ago I ast you a favor in this room."

The bishop nodded.

"I remember. I could not grant it. I am sorry."

"I never blamed you none," Steve went on. "I knowed about the cathedral's bein' only for the 'illustrious dead.'"

"Where did you bury her?"

"In—in the cathedral," said Steve.

There was a long silence. Then the bishop spoke.

"That," he said slowly, "would have been quite impossible."

Steve's voice in answer was harsh, dry, excited. He spoke quickly, in little jerks, his eyes on the building beyond the wall of the garden.

"Five years of my life I spent on that spot. At night me and Mary would talk over how things was coming along. She knowed as much about it as any of us that was workin', layin' the stones. One day I tole her about the 'illustrious dead' they was figurin' on burying there when the chapels was finished. An' when she was dyin' she ast me to promise her one thing. It's about the only favor she ever ast me. She said she would feel closer to me, like, if she could be buried somewhere in the cathedral. They was plannin' on burying some there. She thought maybe you wouldn't object. She said she knowed I'd be there, day in and day out, for near the rest of my life, and she'd feel better about bein' near like that—"

THE bishop did not move. His strangely bright eyes were fixed tensely on Steve's face.

"An' I promised her," went on Steve. After a pause he added, "It was the only favor she ever ast me."

The bishop stirred. His voice sounded far away.

"Then you came to me—and I could not grant it."

Steve nodded. His soul was flooded with an old misery. He could not go on. His troubled eyes sought those of the bishop. The man in the big bed put out a thin hand.

"She was so little—" said Steve.

A clock ticked methodically on the bishop's desk.

"They was a little brown mole to one side o' her mouth."

Steve's eyes were raised to the spires of the great cathedral. His words quivered like little searing flames.

"They was a little jewel box I once give 'er—silver an' pink silk. It was for all the lovely things I never got to give 'er—"

Steve's burning eyes shifted to the wan face of the bishop.

"I had 'er cremated—an' I put her ashes in the pink-an'-silver box. We was workin' in the chapel of the Holy Spirit, an' I walled her up among the stones—"

The lips of the bishop moved.

"'Rain descended . . . floods came . . . winds blew . . . beat upon that house; and it fell not; for it was founded upon a rock. . . .'"

"I thought you oughter know," said Steve. "We both been buildin' it."

THE END

RULE 16

A Regulation that Kept Two Romances up in the Air

By

BOGART ROGERS

(Reading time: 33 minutes 10 seconds.)

I HAD just sold a man a round-trip ticket to New York, with stopovers at Wichita and St. Louis, and a ten-thousand-dollar air traveler's accident policy—on which I get a rake-off of eight per cent—when Buzz Hewes, the human information desk, stuck his head through the wicket, nodded knowingly, and said:

"Hostesses."

I said: "Us?"

Buzz nodded again. "First of the month. I got it from the front office. They're sorta lady stewards," he explained. "They ride the trimotors, serve the lunches, dandle babies, answer foolish questions, and keep the gentlemen passengers from being bored. Atlantic Airways has had 'em for a month now."

I advanced as an axiom that only trouble—and sometimes plenty of trouble—came from attempting to mix men, women, and airplanes.

"Don't be too sure about that," said Buzz. "Since they put on hostesses Atlantic's passenger traffic has increased a hundred per cent."

I offered three to one that the kind of females Edgar Twirst would pick for the jobs would drive all our regular passengers back to the railroad trains.

Buzz admitted Edgar was inclined to place Sterling Qualities above feminine beauty and charm. There wasn't one pretty girl around the airport.

Right away I thought about Charlie Stokes.

"What'll Charlie do?" I asked.

Buzz shook his head sadly. "I can already hear the chimes tolling over Charlie's bier."

"You think—"

Buzz said he didn't think—he knew. "Charlie plus women equals trouble and always has. One false step and Charlie won't be flying for Union Air Lines any more."

I could understand that. Edgar Twirst, our unpopular superintendent of operations, had it in for Charlie. The fact Charlie was a truly great pilot, a good-looking kid, and a popular hero who had flown to Honolulu, carried life-saving serum through a raging blizzard to stricken Alaskan miners, and performed countless other doughty deeds didn't mean a thing to Edgar, who was an unromantic and annoyingly practical man. When he hired Charlie, which he did only because Mr. Hendricks—he's president of the line—insisted, he warned him the first time he broke a rule it would all be over—napoo, toodle-oo, and good-by-e-e.

Charlie told me afterward: "Believe me, Pop, from now on I'm a good Christian lad. I've already been canned by five companies. If I flop with this outfit I'm through."

Charlie wasn't exactly unreliable, you understand. He seldom cracked up a ship or hurt anybody. But he was always doing something undiplomatic, like falling in love with his superiors' secretaries, which several superiors regarded as shameless infringement of their personal rights, or permitting his bosses' wives to fall in love with him. The commercial operators all had his name up and this was his last chance to make good.

HE said he'd like to look at the plane. While he was gawking at it Katie stepped off.

Pictures by
WILL GRAVEN

The first four hostesses were exactly the type you'd expect Edgar to engage. Their composite charms wouldn't have lured a single new male passenger into the blue.

The fifth in order of appointment—but first in every other respect—was Katherine Kernan. How she slipped by Edgar will remain one of the great unsolved mysteries of all time. Katie—we all called her that after the first day—was little, but oh, my! She had soft, fluffy brown hair and big deep-brown eyes that looked at you through lashes an inch long. Her mouth was the kind you'd walk a mile on your hands to kiss, her figure had been expertly designed and engineered, and she had a pert little way about her and plenty of pep.

The day she was hired she trotted up to the ticket office and in just the kind of a smooth, brisk little voice you'd expect from a girl of her size asked: "Are you Pop?"

I said I was Pop.

"I'm Katherine Kernan, one of the new hostesses."

I carefully surveyed her obvious charms and decided the trouble—for somebody—was about to begin.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

RULE 16

[Continued from page nineteen]

I said: "What can I do for you?"

"Mr. Hewes told me you could give me the low-down."

"The low-down on what?"

"It's like this," she explained. "This is the first decent job I've had in a year. I need it and I want to keep it. I had an awful time convincing Mr. Twirst I wasn't some sort of an adventuress."

"I can imagine," I said. "Aren't you?"

"Sure I am," Katie retorted, "but don't tell Twirst. I'm thrilled to death over this place and everything about it—airplanes, going places, seeing things, and talking to interesting people. If you think I'm going to take any chances with *this* job you're out of your mind."

"Just follow the rules," I advised her. "Twirst is a devil on rules. Follow 'em to the letter and you can't go wrong."

She said: "Thanks. Who is Charlie Stokes?"

I thought to myself: "Oh, oh! So soon!" I said to her: "One of the pilots."

"I know. I just met him. I've been assigned to his plane. He's nice."

I said: "Charlie is a great kid."

"Is he the same Stokes who made all those daring flights a couple of years ago—to Honolulu and—"

"He's the guy."

She gazed dreamily into space for a moment, then: "Isn't that wonderful! I've always wanted to meet him, and now he's the pilot I'm going to fly with." She cast an enraptured glance at the ceiling and sighed. "I'm going to run right home and put that down in my little book as big thrill number one."

KATIE had no more than left when Charlie ambled in. Except for two things, Charlie looked like a thousand other men: his jaw was finely cut but noticeably firm, and he had a pair of fascinating deep-blue eyes—eyes that were dreaming and audacious and serious in turn. They were framed in heavy lashes and at their corners were the tiny squinty crow's-feet that are the heritage of every veteran flying man.

"Well, Pop," he said, "boy gets break at last. Edgar assigned me the pick of his harem."

"Watch your step, Charlie," I advised. "Edgar's laying for you and you never have been able to resist beautiful girls."

"You don't seem to realize I'm impervious to temptation of every kind," Charlie protested. "I'm serious this time, Pop—but, anyway, Edgar can't fire me if I should ask this cutie to dinner some night or buy her a lunch, can he?"

I said I didn't suppose he could, nor did I until the next day, when Edgar issued his rules governing the duties and conduct of hostesses.

They were perfectly orthodox decrees until you came to Rule 16. It said:

While off duty, hostesses will under no circumstances—and under penalty of instant dismissal—consort with pilots or other male employees of the company.

Rule 17 was similar:

Hostesses will under no circumstances accept favors from male passengers of the line nor consort with such passengers when off duty.

Edgar issued special copies of Rule 16—in red ink—to the pilots, who promptly disposed of them in various novel ways.

Both Charlie and Katie came to me to inquire about dictum 16.

"This means I can't even buy my hostess a plate of ice cream. Is that right?" Charlie asked.

I assured him it was absolutely right.

"That Edgar certainly knows how to take the joy out of life," he sighed.

"You're going to live up to it, aren't you, Charlie?"

"Yes, I'll live up to it, stupid and unfair as it is," said Charlie. "If I don't I'll get the can, and four hundred bill collectors will fall on my neck and tear me limb from limb."

Katie said: "This means I'm not to have anything to do with pilots or men passengers except round the airport or in the plane?"

I said: "Correct."

She pondered a moment, then: "I suppose that applies to Mr. Stokes as well as the others?"

"Not as well as the others—much more than the others."

Katie gave vent to a regretful "H-m-m-m."

I said: "Listen, young lady. Charlie Stokes is in very bad odor with this company. One violation of the rules and he will be promptly and unceremoniously canned. He, as well as yourself, must rigidly obey Rule Sixteen. You must at all times regard Charlie Stokes not as a personality, a creature of flesh and blood, but as an automaton, a robot, a machine who flies a machine."

"But he isn't," she protested. "He's a very nice young man."

I made a desperate and earnest appeal. "Unless you wish to woo disaster you must treat Charlie with detached aloofness. In fact, it would be a swell idea if you treated him a little bit mean."

Katie said she had no intention of breaking regulations, but she didn't think it would be nice to treat Charlie a little bit mean.

Charlie, from the first day, religiously observed Rule 16. He seemed more concerned about his creditors than about Katie Kernan. He dropped in after the initial

"THEY nearly had a fight. Charlie came back all of a sudden and ordered Mr. Degrue to stop smoking."

trip with Katie to report the hostess idea promised to be popular. The passengers had been highly pleased.

For a couple of weeks everything went smoothly. Charlie and Katie seemed to get along nicely—though formally—and I began to believe that Charlie was impervious to temptation, as he had claimed. Then one afternoon Katie casually announced I was right about this Charlie Stokes. He *was* a robot—and an automaton—and a machine who flew a machine. Furthermore, he was a fathead, although she couldn't see what he had to be so stuck up about. She thought he might at least treat her as something a little better than a waitress in a cheap café.

CHARLIE, for his part, said Hostess Kernan was about the freshest dame he'd met in a long time and how did she get that way?

This manifestation of mutual concern, even though negative, looked to me like a bad sign. If such active disinterest kept up much longer something was a cinch to happen. Which it shortly did.

One sunny afternoon a glittering chromium automobile drove up to the airport station and disgorged a tall and somewhat goofy-looking young man. He had neither hat nor baggage and the pants of his double-breasted gray flannel suit bagged badly at the knees. After numerous inquiries he found the ticket office—which was a tip-off on either his eyesight or mentality, as above the counter the words TICKET OFFICE are emblazoned on a sign eight feet long.

He said: "I'd like to charter a plane for San Francisco—right away."

I asked if he was alone. He said yes. I suggested he take the regular afternoon ship which, with Charlie at the controls, was then pulling up to the loading canopy outside. He said he'd like to look at the plane. While he was gawking at it Katie stepped off. He gawked at her instead. She entered the station. He followed. She came to the ticket window for her passenger list. He was right behind—gawking. When she had gone he asked:

"Who is that young lady?"

I TOLD him she was the hostess on the San Francisco plane.

"She looks like a very intelligent young woman," he remarked—meaning, of course, that Katie was an ocular delight. "Does she accompany the plane?"

I assured him such was the case. He produced a roll of the root of all evil big enough to gag a goat, peeled off a hundred-dollar bill, and said he'd take a ticket—in fact, he'd take two tickets, as he usually got tired of sitting in one seat very long or might want to lie down and take a snooze.

I asked his name. He said it was Jay Mortimer Degrue the Third.

Charlie came in to see me when he returned the next afternoon.

"Who was that bean pole with the quivering Adam's apple I took up yesterday?" he inquired.

I said he was Jay Mortimer Degrue the Third. Charlie said he acted more like Louis the Fourteenth.

"You mean—"

"I mean there ought to be a rule against having to carry guys like him on the air lines."

"What did he do?"

"For one thing, he absolutely monopolized the hostess' time. She scarcely paid any attention at all to the other passengers."

I suggested that Mr. Degrue, having purchased two tickets, was entitled to twice as much attention as a man who had paid but a single fare.

"I don't think Mr. Twirst would like it at all if he knew a hostess had devoted all her time to one passenger to the exclusion of the others," said Charlie virtuously.

"Tell him. You're in command of the ship."

Charlie said he wouldn't do that, of course, but he thought somebody ought to wise up this Kernan girl so she wouldn't do it again. If Edgar found it out—well, while Katie was undoubtedly fresh as paint, he wouldn't want to see her fired.

Katie appeared soon after.

"How'd you get along with that tall, skinny fellow yesterday?" I asked.

"You mean Mr. Degrue? He's a very charming young man." She smiled naïvely.

I told her Charlie intimated she paid him a bit too much attention, which she vehemently denied.

"He's not only very nice but he's the only son of all those enormously rich Degrue copper mines. I assumed

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

RULE 16
[Continued from page twenty-one]

he was an excellent prospective customer and gave him some extra attention. Nothing wrong about that, is there?"

I guessed not.

"And besides," she suddenly flared, "it's none of Charlie Stokes' business. He's supposed to sit up there, keep his eyes to the front—which he doesn't—and fly his airplane. It so happens Mr. Degrue was asking my advice. He has a big problem to solve."

Mr. Degrue's big problem, I concluded, was how to be able to talk to Katie without having a lot of yaps on the plane interrupting by asking her to point out the scenery or fetch a drink of water. He popped in a few days later to demonstrate he had worked out the solution for himself.

"What was the name of that pilot I flew up with the other day?" he asked.

I told him.

"Ah, yes—Stokes. He seemed rather good—safe, y'know. When is he going north again?"

"Friday afternoon."

"Splendid—splendid! Friday's the day." He stalled for a second, then: "And the young lady—will she be aboard?"

I explained Charlie and Miss Kernan were always on the same plane. He fished out the bulging bundle of bills. I asked if he wanted two tickets again.

"How many seats are there on the plane?" he asked.

"Fourteen."

He said: "Would it be possible for me to take the entire fourteen?"

I said it would be a pleasure—which it would because I drag down an extra bonus for all tickets sold through the airport office. He bought the whole ship going north—three hundred and fifty bucks—and then bought it for a return trip Monday afternoon.

His alibi was: "I invited some friends to fly with me."

I didn't believe him a dime's worth, and my suspicions were confirmed when he showed up all by his lonesome Friday afternoon.

"WHERE are your guests?" I asked.

"They all disappointed me at the last minute." He looked foolish. "Too bad, isn't it?"

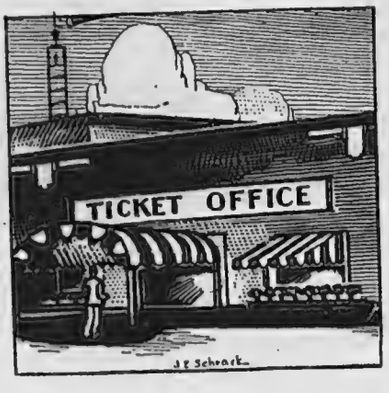
I agreed, and offered to cancel part of his seats, as a couple of people were clamoring for space.

"I might as well keep them," he said casually.

I suggested we could take some of the seats off his hands on the return trip, but he declined that offer also—said the money wasn't enough to worry about and somehow he preferred to ride alone.

Sure he did—alone with Katie Kernan.

When Charlie landed bearing Mr. Degrue in solitary splendor Monday afternoon, he was fit to be tied. He barged in behind a ferocious frown.



"This hauling one man back and forth in an airplane is a lot of bunk," he averred. "And it's bad business besides."

I said inasmuch as we got capacity revenue from the ship I couldn't see why.

"It isn't a matter of money," said Charlie, which was the first time I had heard of anything connected with aviation that wasn't a matter of money; "it's the idea of arriving and departing with only one passenger aboard. People don't know the one man has fourteen tickets in his pocket. They naturally assume we are doing rotten business. I'm going to complain about it."

"Why not go home and pray for a few more soft touches like Degrue?"

Charlie said: "And, besides, people will begin to talk."

"Talk?"

"Yes, talk. It's quite obvious the only reason this guy buys the whole plane is so he can sit back there alone and make love to that Kernan girl."

I said: "Well, she's forbidden by Rule Seventeen to let him make love to her anywhere else. Besides, what difference does it make to you?"

"None," said Charlie, "none whatever." He was diffused with virtue again. "It's simply that I take a little interest in the reputation of the company and would hate to have people start gossiping and saying our hostesses are just—just common flirts. It's the principle of the thing."

I said: "That indeed is a worthy and noble attitude, Charles, but you're a cockeyed little liar and you know it."

Charlie entered indignant denial.

I said: "It would be terrible if Mr. Degrue discovered that for seven hundred dollars, the cost of a round trip with the whole plane, he could hire Katie away from the company for five months and—"

"You shut up!" He looked like he might bite me. "That's a nasty remark and I resent it."

I said I didn't mean it to be offensive; I was only stating a fact. Charlie said I was a licentious old fluff and some other things and left in a huff.

KATIE, as usual, followed closely in Charlie's wake and remarked the trip had been lovely and Mr. Degrue was a fascinating young man.

I said: "Look here, Katie, you aren't forgetting the rules?"

"I am not," she replied. "In fact, Mr. Degrue invited me to dinner tonight and I turned him down."

"He seems quite interested in you," I ventured.

"It's time somebody around here was interested in me," said Katie.

Charlie gave me the idea of how we might squeeze a few extra dollars out of the heir to the Degrue copper mine.

"I wonder how long that big giraffe would keep this thing up if he had to buy out the D-Thirty-two every time he wanted to gaze into this Kernan girl's eyes?" he mused.

I said it wouldn't bother him any more than buying an extra package of gum—but I caught the idea. A week later Degrue phoned for fourteen seats for Friday afternoon. The poor simpleton even said he thought his friends would be able to go with him this time. I made the reservations, then suggested to Edgar Twirst he put the D-32 on the Friday run. The downtown office had four reservations in addition to Degrue's.

Edgar so ordained. The D-32 was our $100,000 white elephant, a Gargantuan airplane with four engines. It had been purchased by somebody during a brainstorm and spent most of its time in a hangar being repaired.

When Jay Mortimer appeared Friday afternoon—without guests—he was sporting a snappy new necktie and his pants had been pressed. He also wore a hat. He was startled when the huge D-32 pulled up to the landing chute, and rushed in to ask me about it.

"Is this the plane Pilot Stokes flies?"

I insisted Pilot Stokes was in command.

"But it isn't my ship. Some other passengers are going aboard."

I told him never to fear—there would be fourteen seats for him, as he had requested me to reserve. He was distinctly annoyed.

"I expected to have the whole ship to myself," he said testily. "I rather feel you've put one over on me."

I assured him apologetically such was not the intention.

He said: "How many seats are there in that monster?"

"Thirty-two."

He pulled out a check book, sighed resignedly, and asked for a pen. "Give me thirty-two seats returning Monday, please." He dipped pen in ink, started to write, stopped.

"I'll be damned if I will!" he exclaimed. "I'm too smart for that!" His tone swept me with a great wave of fear. I, greedy and grasping, had killed the goose that laid the golden eggs. Mr. Degrue was refusing to

e made a sucker of. But no! He relieved me with: "I'll buy twenty-five tickets for Monday providing you guarantee no other passengers will be on the ship."

I guaranteed him, which was easy, because I had neglected to tell him that, while there were actually thirty-two seats in our winged behemoth, the Department of Commerce, for reasons of safety, forbade us carrying more than twenty passengers on a load—which still left me five tickets ahead of Mr. Degrue. In retrospect, I rather feel that selling him twenty-five tickets on a twenty-passenger plane was perhaps not entirely ethical.

When he alighted from the plane Monday afternoon a small crowd had gathered to stare at him curiously. The word had gotten around that some sap was buying out whole ships for the privilege of holding Katie Kernan's hand. As Charlie had predicted, people were beginning to talk. Even Edgar Twirst knew about it—and was reluctantly pleased. Edgar was commencing to display symptoms of moral turpitude and wondering where he could find a few more girls with Katie's passenger appeal.

I greeted Jay Mortimer as he passed through the lobby.

"Have a nice trip?"

"Wretched," he grumbled. "It was terribly bumpy. And that fellow Stokes—he's a most uncivil chap." He strode out to the waiting chromium car and drove away.

KATIE checked in next.

"I hear you had a bad trip," I said.

An enigmatic little smile started in her eyes, twinkled there an instant, then spread to the corners of her mouth.

"Bumpy, huh?"

"Man-made bumps," said Katie. "Your boy friend Charlie Stokes acted like a perfect child."

"How?"

"He zoomed and dived and did everything with that iron elephant but loop the loop. I'm not so sure he didn't do that once."

"My God, no!" I was frankly alarmed. That was no way to treat a man who bought twenty-five tickets at a time, particularly when I was netting $1.23 on every ticket he bought. "What did Degrue say?"

"He didn't know. I told him it was just awfully bumpy; but every time we'd get settled for a pleasant *tête-à-tête* Charlie would dive or zoom or do a wing-over and we'd nearly fall out of our seats."

"Why was he sore at Charlie, then?"

"Because they nearly had a fight. Charlie came back all of a sudden and ordered Mr. Degrue to stop smoking."

"Did he?"

"Yes, he did; but if he hadn't I'm sure there would have been a fight."

"If he pulls any foolishness like this again I'll report him," I declared. After all, I had my own income to protect and I didn't intend to lose that $1.23 a ticket.

"Don't do that," said Katie hastily. "I'll speak to him myself."

"Tell me, Katie," I said in grandfatherly tones, "are Mr. Degrue's intentions perfectly—er—perfectly honorable?"

She gave me an inscrutable little smile. "You'll know more about it next week."

When she disappeared, Charlie, who had been lurking outside, hurried in. I welcomed him with: "You're a sap."

"Yeah? Wait till you hear my side of the story," he said. "But first let me tell you this: the next time Jay Mortimer Degrue the Third sets foot in an airplane I'm flying I'm going to get right up and punch him in the nose. I nearly did it today."

I reiterated he was an idiot for playing tricks with our best customer, and if he did it again I'd report him to Edgar Twirst.

"I suppose that Kernan girl told you all about it?" he challenged.

"Naturally."

"She's a sap, too. You'd think she'd have sense enough to know I was only trying to protect her."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HER figure had been expertly designed and engineered, and she had a pert little way about her and plenty of pep.

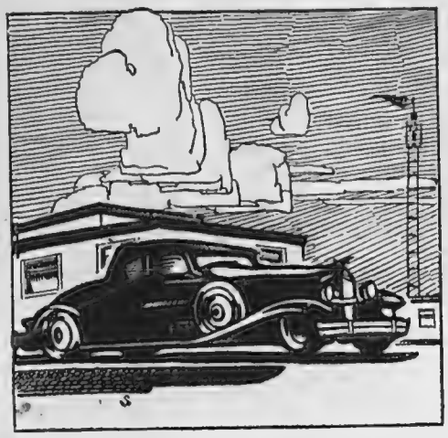
RULE 16
[Continued from page twenty-three]

"Protect her from what?"

"From what? From Degrue. He's a bad egg, Pop. You c'n spot those fellows every time—rich man's son—poor working girl—dazzling her with money—making a splurge. It's the same old story. Whadda you suppose he wants the whole plane to himself for? I could watch 'em in the trimotor, but in this damn' can I can't see from the cockpit back into the cabin. It's a bad situation, Pop, terribly bad."

"But why the artificial bumps?"

"Why was I tossing that big crate around and expecting it to shed a wing every second? To keep that bird so busy hanging on to his seat that he couldn't molest her. Why do you suppose?"



"Maybe she'd like to be molested," I said. "And then you had to go back yourself and try to pick a fight. That was a bright thing to do."

"Yeah, and I'd have socked him, too, if he'd opened his trap."

I said: "There's no sense in starting a lot of trouble, Charlie. Anyway, it's her business and not yours; that is, unless—"

I looked him straight in the eye. "You're not in love with her, are you, Charlie?"

"You're damn' right I'm in love with her!" he blurted. "You know it and she knows it—and she's making a sucker out of me."

I said: "Fancy you being in love."

"Well, I am. She's the only girl I ever saw I really wanted to marry." He sat down and looked dolefully at his finger nails. "How do you suppose she *really* feels about me, Pop?"

I gave him an honest answer: "I don't know, Charlie. I think she liked you quite a lot till Degrue came along."

"That's the way I figure." He sighed. "Gosh! You don't suppose she'd fall for a guy with an oscillating Adam's apple, do you?"

I remarked I had never seen an Adam's apple so large it couldn't be concealed behind a thousand-dollar bill.

Charlie rose and started pacing the floor. "The thing that's got me licked is that rotten Rule Sixteen," he complained bitterly. "Can you imagine anything so stupid—so criminally unfair? Here I am, simply nuts about a girl—decently, honestly, sincerely—and if I try to see her for an evening to talk things over I lose my job—and so does she."

He paced a few steps more. "Well, I guess there's nothing for me to do but lose my job. I can live without that, but I can't live without her. And I'm a cinch to lose it. I haven't missed losing a job yet."

I advised him to sit tight and see what happened, which, after much persuasion, he finally agreed to do.

JAY MORTIMER DEGRUE appeared Saturday afternoon. Charlie and Katie were away on the San Francisco run. He drove up in a glittering new roadster festooned with enough chromium to cover a Pullman car. As it carried dealer's license plates I assumed Jay Mortimer was merely giving it a trial.

He greeted me affably and assumed a confidential air.

"Do you know Miss Kernan very well?" he inquired.

"As well as anybody on the airport—maybe better."

"Splendid—splendid! If you have a minute I'd like your advice." He led me out to the glittering car. "How do you like it?" he asked.

I said it was a pip, and it was.

"It is rather nice," he remarked. Then, from a clear blue sky: "Do you think Miss Kernan would like it?"

My chin went "klunk" against my breastbone.

"Like it?"

"Yes. I mean do you think she'd like to own it?"

I said: "Who wouldn't?"

"Some people have very positive likes and dislikes about cars," he said dubiously. "Take myself for example: I simply can't bear to ride in a blue car."

"She'd like it." I was positive about that.

"You think it fits her personality and all that?"

I said I had never seen or heard of an automobile that so completely fitted Katie's personality.

"Well, that's settled then." He was vastly relieved. "Hardest thing in the world for me to pick out a suitable gift for a woman." He started back into the station. "Promise me you won't tell her," he cautioned. "I want it to be a surprise."

I pledged the immutability of a sphinx. It would be a surprise to Katie all right, and a kick in the pants for Charlie Stokes.

Inside he said: "Another thing, I want to charter a special plane for Las Vegas next Monday, a trimotor with the same crew—Miss Kernan and—well, Stokes was rather disagreeable the last time, but I suppose he'll do."

HE wanted to keep that a surprise, too. Nobody was to tell Katie where they were going until the last minute. When he departed he thanked me for what I had done, shook hands cordially, and left a fifty-dollar bill sticking in my palm. If it wasn't that business is business I wouldn't have accepted it. I was beginning to like Jay Mortimer and I guessed with all the things he could do for Katie she could learn to get used to his Adam's apple. He intended to marry the girl, no doubt about that. I wondered if he was taking a chance on a last-minute proposal or if Katie had already said yes.

Of course I felt awfully sorry for Charlie, but, looking at it from a practical standpoint, all Charlie could offer was a charming though sometimes erratic personality and a retinue of bill collectors. In all fairness—and because I hadn't promised Jay Mortimer not to say anything to him—I told Charlie the whole story the next afternoon.

"Las Vegas, huh?" he muttered. "Nevada—spot marriages—no three days' notice required. That means he intends to start up there, sweep her off her feet on the way, and rush her right in to a justice of the peace when we arrive. And the big slob pays no more attention to me than if I were a motorman or a hearse driver."

I helped complete the picture by predicting he would present Katie with the car before they left, and no girl in the world could refuse a man who gave her a car like that.

"The swine!" said Charlie. An evil gleam crept into his eyes.

"You can't call a man a swine because he wants to marry Katie."

"It isn't that," said Charlie bitterly; "it's his method—dazzling the poor kid with gold until she can't see whether she loves him or not. What chance have I got against a bank roll like that?"

I admitted he was in a tough spot.

He suddenly slammed his fist against the counter. "He isn't going to marry her!" he exploded.

"How'll you stop him?"

"I don't know." Charlie's jaw was set grimly. "I'll stop him somehow."

Just then, to complicate matters, Katie breezed in. Charlie strode up to her, grabbed her wrists roughly, and growled:

"Are you going to marry this Degrue or not?"

Katie jerked her wrists free, smiled aggravatingly, and said: "Who wants to know?"

"Well, you aren't," said Charlie tensely. "Do you hear me? You aren't!"

"If you're so sure, why ask me?"

Charlie suddenly weakened. "Listen, Katie. Let's get together this evening and talk this thing over."

"And both lose our jobs for violation of Rule Sixteen? Not a chance."

Charlie stepped back dramatically. "Very well," he said in a soliloquy-from-Hamlet voice, "but I warn you—only over my dead body will you become Mrs. Jay Mortimer Degrue."

Katie left him with: "You talk like a bad actor in a worse show."

Which was true.

Monday morning at nine thirty Charlie appeared, displaying all the characteristics of a desperate man. He was silent, sullen, determined, with an ominous gleam in his eye. I was worried. Charlie, in the past, had repeatedly proven his nerve, resourcefulness, and daring.

I was afraid he was planning something rash.

I said: "Listen, kid. Don't do anything you'll be sorry for."

He said: "I can take care of myself," and disappeared toward the hangars.

Katie came back with him a few minutes later on the plane.

Degrue appeared shortly before ten. He had plenty of baggage but no roadster, which threw my predictions out of gear.

Perhaps he had already given it to her, or was holding it for a wedding present on their return.

I asked Degrue when he expected to be back.

"I don't quite know, old chap. Three or four days—maybe a month." He leaned across the counter, beamed beatifically, and whispered confidentially in my ear: "You see, I think I'm going on my honeymoon."

Well, that was definite enough.

I hoped Charlie wouldn't try to crash the ship and obliterate the triangle. It would have been a dirty trick to play on Chalkie McKay, the co-pilot, who was a reputable family man.

Apprehensively I watched them roar away, feeling the fate of Charlie, Katie, and Jay Mortimer lay in the lap of the gods.

Charlie was to notify the dispatcher's office of his arrival at Las Vegas. The trip should have taken two hours at the most. At one o'clock the dispatcher had received no word. Two o'clock—no word. I knew then Charlie had done something foolish or desperate. Three o'clock—no word.

I envisioned the heir to the Degrue millions lying dead on the desert, his jugular vein neatly severed by Charlie's jealous hand.

AT five minutes past three I received a telegram over the commercial wire. It was from Charlie, dated Las Vegas, and said:

ADVISE ME IMMEDIATELY IF ANYTHING IN RULES PROHIBITS INTERMARRIAGE OF HOSTESSES AND PILOTS AND IF SO WHAT IS THE PENALTY. CAN HOLY MATRIMONY BE CONSTRUED AS CONSORTING? DON'T TELL EDGAR.

After carefully perusing the rule books I wired Charlie:

EDGAR APPARENTLY SANCTIONS INTERMARRIAGE. PENALTY FOR PILOT IS HARD LABOR FOR LIFE. WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE BODY OF JAY MORTIMER DEGRUE?

Two hours later I received this one:

I HAVE JUST MARRIED JAY MORTIMER DEGRUE THE THIRD.
KATHERINE KERNAN STOKES.

As the only logical interpretation of that silly telegram was that Katie had committed bigamy and married both men the same afternoon, I decided I'd have to wait for the answer until they came home.

At least it was comforting to know the three of them were still alive.

A week later Charlie landed home and taxied straight to the hangars. A few minutes later he and Katie strolled nonchalantly into the station, fighting off an urge to stroll hand in hand. They halted at the ticket window. Charlie jerked a surreptitious thumb at Katie and whispered:

"Meet the wife."

I demanded explanations.

"We got married at Las Vegas."

I said to Katie: "Has the State of Nevada also legalized bigamy? Your wire said you married Jay Mortimer Degrue."

"I did—I married him to Eloise."

"Who in the name of common sense is Eloise?"

"It was like this," said Charlie. "Jay isn't such a bad guy as you tried to make me believe."

"*I* tried to make you believe? All right—go on."

"He never made love to Katie at all."

"Charlie just thought he did," said Katie.

"He was simply mad about Eloise, who lived in San Francisco—"

From Katie: "—and he'd had a fight with her—"

From Charlie: "—and he wanted some common-sense advice, preferably from a woman, so he picked on Katie because he thought she looked intelligent—"

"NOW it's my turn," said Katie. "And the advice I gave him worked so well he wanted some more, confidentially of course, which is why he hired the whole plane so we could talk without being interrupted, and the last time he was up there Eloise said yes, and they planned to get married in Las Vegas, where she had to go with her father. Which they did."

"And as long as we were there we decided we'd better get married, too," said Charlie.

I looked accusingly at Katie. "Then you were fooling Charlie all the time?"

"I didn't fool him," she protested. "It was his own fault for jumping at conclusions. And, after all, Pop, I had to do something to get around Edgar's Rule Sixteen."

I asked where Jay Mortimer and his Eloise were now.

"They've gone to Europe on their honeymoon," said Charlie.

Just then the glittering roadster pulled up at the door. Degrue's colored chauffeur jumped out, marched up to Katie, touched his cap politely, and said:

"I brung yo' car."

"My car?"

"Yessum." He pointed at the perambulating chromium mine. "There 'tis—a little present fum Mistah Degrue."

A few minutes later Charlie said: "Yes, Pop, you were certainly wrong about Jay. When you get to know him he's really a perfectly grand guy."

Whereupon Charlie, with Katie close at his side, slipped in the clutch and drove shiningly and silently away.

THE END

Solution of Last Week's Yardleygram

"I'VE solved the secret-ink cipher message," Leonard Russell, the student, finally told his celebrated instructor. "It reads: 'Destroy Panama Canal.'"

"That's correct," replied Allan Crossle, his thin face lighting up. "How did you solve it?"

Allan took the "work sheet" in his long, sensitive fingers and carefully examined it.

BCQRPMWNYLYKYAYLYJ
c d r s q n x o z m z l z b z m z k
d e s t r o y p a n a m a c a n a l

"In this system, called the Julius Cæsar Cipher, the message may occur in any line," Allan explained. "For this reason it is well to write down the entire alphabet of twenty-six letters instead of only three, as you have done."

"I'll remember that," Russell promised. Then, unable to withhold his curiosity, "What did you do with this girl?"

"We returned her clothes, then released and followed her. She lingered in St. Louis, then Chicago. When she thought she was no longer under surveillance, she went to Washington, where she led us into a swarm of German spies."

ANOTHER YARDLEYGRAM WILL APPEAR IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

Why We Put Ou

The Wives of Some Men / Their Si

to MARGARE

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(Reading time: 18 minutes 5 seconds.)

WHILE it was nobody's business how I got on the inside of Alimony Jail in New York City, it seemed to be everybody's business to keep me from seeing and talking with the wives of the jail's inmates.

Not a husband admitted having the faintest idea where his wife was or could be reached. And then a formidable phalanx of defensive lawyers hurled defiance and threats toward anyone who might dare to try to see or have a word with their modest and innocent clients.

My interest centered in those wives. Why had they put their husbands in jail? What was their story? Was it money? Were these women starving? Had they been so injured and reduced financially by their husbands that they were desperately in want?

I soon found that the only possible chance I had to reach the wife of Arnold Erskine, the inventor, was through her lawyer. His name is Thomas Latimer. After much conversation, he gave me her phone number in New Rochelle. I called Mrs. Erskine. In a pleasant voice she said: "Why, yes. I will be very glad to see you."

We made an appointment to meet that afternoon for tea at a certain hotel. When I protested that perhaps this arrangement would be inconvenient for her, living in New Rochelle, she explained: "Oh, I have my own car. I drive it. I come into New York practically every day."

"You are an artist, an interior decorator?"

"Yes."

"Are you working now?"

"No. I retired some years ago."

I recalled that her husband had said that he had given her a car. A lady of leisure. Retired. Living in a comfortable home. With a car for recreation!

At the appointed hour for tea she failed to appear, but phoned her regrets. The next morning when I called I was told that she had already come into New York to see her lawyer.

Again I called the lawyer. He explained very pleasantly that Mrs. Erskine did not want any publicity whatever. He kindly offered to give me whatever information I might want.

"If Mr. Erskine has told you his story and you wish to ask questions," he said, "I'll answer them."

"I am not interested in technical data. I want to give Mrs. Erskine a chance to tell her side of the story. I want to know exactly why she put her husband in jail."

His next words gave me a peculiar shock. He asked:

"How much will you pay?"

"Not a cent." I laughingly set his mind at ease on that score. "I consider that I am doing her a very great favor."

He said: "Mr. Erskine has no one but himself to blame for the predicament in which he finds himself. Why shouldn't his wife get her support?"

"Does she need his support?" I inquired.

"That is beside the question. The judge ordered him to pay sixty dollars a week alimony."

"Suppose he hasn't got it."

Husbands *in* JAIL

he Alimony Club Tell Story

OULTON

RT MATHIEU

He ignored that. He went on:

"He is eight hundred dollars behind in that alimony. He was going to Florida, so we put him under a four-thousand-dollar cash bond."

"But wasn't he going to Florida to make money to pay the alimony?"

This question also he ignored. He continued:

"The bonding company found that he was behind eight hundred dollars in his alimony, so they thought him too great a risk and withdrew their money. He had to go to jail. His father and mother have property. They own their home. In Boston. They can pay."

I interrupted: "Why on earth should his father and mother have to sell their home to pay alimony to their son's ex-wife—money that she does not actually need?"

"He claims that his father and mother do not even know that he has been married. He'll have to stay in jail."

I stated the matter as I understood it:

"Mr. Erskine was put in jail by his wife for alimony—that he did not have the money to pay and that she does not need. Is that it?"

To this there was no answer. How could there be?

EARLY one morning I presented myself at the door of Mrs. Emil Webber. Her address was not hard to find on West End Avenue. The apartment was in a handsome building. In answer to my ring, a German maid appeared.

"Could I speak to Mrs. Emil Webber?" I asked.

In a few moments a little woman who looked like a girl emerged from a doorway down the hall. She had a silken striped kimono wrapped around her; tousled blond hair and very sleepy gray eyes. She was quick to say:

"But I can't talk now. I can't say a word. You'll have to see my lawyer. Go see my lawyer."

"I don't want your lawyer's story. I want yours."

She shook her pretty tousled head and said apologetically:

"But I can't talk. You see, Emil has just appealed the case. He has plenty of money to do that. The Supreme Court of New York decided in my favor, and he appealed to the Appellate Court, and that takes the case to Albany. I can't talk."

She was a shy, modest little thing. I could see the outline of a very lovely girlish figure under the clumsily wrapped kimono.

"You are only a child," was my comment. "How old are you?"

She smiled as she said: "Twenty-seven."

It was hard to believe. She looked nearer twenty. Almost, my pity was stirred. Her bearing was courteous. I spoke a few words of sympathy and asked:

"You have a child, haven't you?"

"Yes. A little girl. Let me show you her picture. Won't you come in?"

I followed down a hall and into a large living room exquisitely and tastefully furnished. There I was handed a framed pic-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WHY WE PUT OUR HUSBANDS IN JAIL]
Continued from page twenty-seven

ture of a little girl about six or seven. She was a lovely child. I voiced a first thought:

"Well, you certainly have something to live for."

Her reply was somewhat startling. She said:

"Yes. But I'm afraid I've been a very bad mother."

"How's that?"

Whatever I had expected, I was unprepared for the calm answer I received. She said:

"Why, I deeded back to my husband my home in Bronxville. I shouldn't have done that. I should have held on to it for my child."

"The home in Bronxville was in your name?"

"Yes."

"But he bought it and paid for it?"

"Yes, of course."

"You lived in Bronxville. How did you like it?"

"Oh, I loved it. It was beautiful up there."

I couldn't help but recall that Emil had told me she hated Bronxville and did not want to live there. I said:

"Your husband made a generous settlement on you at the time of the divorce, didn't he?"

Her rosebud lips curled in derision.

"No!" was her emphatic reply. "That was all newspaper talk. I didn't want his money. After the way he had treated me, I was too proud to take his money. My pride stood in the way of my daughter's interest, you see."

Pride?

"I should have kept that house," she repeated with emphasis.

"You took the furniture?" I asked.

"Of course. All this is it, in here. Why shouldn't I take the furniture? I should have kept the house."

"Has he money?"

"Certainly he has money. He travels in Europe for months, stopping at the best hotels."

"Doesn't his business, that of art merchant, take him to Europe frequently?" I thought this a fair question.

"That's his excuse. But did his business take him to Florida, where he spent last winter?"

"Did you ask for alimony?"

"No. My pride would not let me. Of course, if it hadn't been for my father and mother being back of me, I'd have had to, I suppose."

"Then why did you put him in jail?"

"HE was ordered to pay thirty dollars a week for the child and he wouldn't do it."

"How much is he behind?"

"About three thousand dollars in all. He's never paid anything in the two years."

"What's his idea?"

"He wants to wait until our little girl is large enough to choose between us. You see, in the first place, my people opposed my marriage to Emil Webber. I had to go to Chicago to get married. You know, he was married once before. He has a son fourteen years old. And when my papers, my divorce papers, went on record, they were almost identical with the papers his first wife had filed."

"The complaints, you mean?"

"Yes. Women, drink, cruelty, failure to provide. Oh, everything! I stood it as long as I could, but a girl has some pride."

"You knew that he had other women?"

"Did he? Hundreds of them! I could name a string a mile long. And they were the sort of women it costs to take out and play around with. The theatrical sort."

"Perhaps they buy art treasures."

"They take art treasures. All he will give. He could spend thousands and thousands of dollars on other girls on Broadway, but when our little girl was sick with scarlet fever and pneumonia and other things, did he give her any money? Did you ever hear of a man like that? And he tells people that he helped my family. Now isn't that something to brag about!"

"But he did help your family, didn't he?"

"Oh, I suppose so."

This topic bored her. I looked around at the Oriental rugs and the mahogany, and recalled the gray walls of Emil's cell in Alimony Jail. I remembered that he had said: "My family were opposed to my marrying her. But I loved her. . . ."

"Of course you loved Emil when you were married?" I asked casually, believing that I well knew the answer.

She dropped her eyes. Her reply was slow and distinct. She said: "Well, no. Love didn't have so much to do with it. He was a rich man, you know. Money did have a lot to do with it. All the girls kept saying that he would never marry me. He had a terrible reputation with women. I guess I married him because I wanted to show them all that I could."

"Did he love you?" I inquired.

She shrugged as she replied:

"I suppose so, or he wouldn't have married me."

Love? What *is* love? I wondered.

"Did you know that he was a playboy on Broadway before you married him?"

"Oh, yes. I knew that."

"Did you expect your marrying him would reform him?"

"I don't know what I thought about that, but I do know I expected him to support me. And he's got to support my child or stay in jail."

I GOT up and started out. As we walked down the long hall toward the front, she apologized for piled-up bundles of fruits and vegetables in the passageway.

"We're entertaining tonight," she explained.

Entertaining?

As I opened the outer door, she said:

"I'm sorry, just awfully sorry, that I couldn't talk to you this morning. Maybe some other time, if you'll leave your name and address."

The next place I went was an apartment above a delicatessen shop, to see the wife of Benny, the little man in Alimony Jail who had stayed mad at his wife for six months.

I found the wife of Benny a woman of huge proportions, busily ironing in the kitchen of her three-room apartment. Everything in the place was spotlessly clean, with cheap furniture that had seen long service.

Mrs. Benny had sky-blue eyes, and these, together with all the other features of her face, appeared foreordained for practical service and efficiency. She was what one might call a capable woman.

I stated my errand. She smiled a welcome.

"No, ma'am; I don't mind talking. You want to know why I put my man in jail? Of course, it's a long story. You don't mind my going on with this ironing, do you? I want to finish soon as I can, for I go around to the jail every day to see Benny."

"Why have you put him in jail if you are as devoted to him as that?"

"I put him in jail because he was behind in paying me my alimony. That's the law."

"You are really divorced?"

"Yes, we're divorced. We've been divorced for more than a year. If you want to know, I'll tell you. I got a divorce, but I couldn't put my husband out on the street, could I? He had no place to go."

"I see." But, of course, I didn't. She went on:

"I've been renting out rooms here in this house. I took three other apartments and turned them all into bedrooms, and I rent out nine bedrooms to men. I can't be bothered having a woman around the house."

"You make a good living this way?"

"I have no complaint. I put Benny, divorced, into one of those rooms. But *that* didn't teach him his lesson."

"No? What lesson?"

"We've been married twelve years. Benny's never had cause to complain that I haven't been a faithful wife."

I assured her that I believed it. She leaned over across the ironing board and said: "Well, lady, we're just ladies together here and I'll tell you. Benny's near fifty years old. He's going through a dangerous age for any man. He wouldn't behave. He would run after girls."

The last few words were spoken in a whisper that savored of past scenes not difficult to imagine.

Suddenly she drew her body straight, whisked her iron back on the surface of a shirt front. She said:

"I've always taken care of Benny and I always will. This is his shirt I am ironing now."

"You take care of him—by putting him in jail?"

"There was nothing else to do. I had the law on my side. The judge gave me eighteen dollars a week alimony. My Benny has never made eighteen dollars a week. He was cutting up like an old fool, and I had to do something. I gave him warning after warning. I got a divorce, thinking it would bring him to his senses. But it didn't."

"I hear that you take him candy and cigarettes."

She smiled broadly and confessed to it.

"Sure I do. I love the ground that man walks on. I can sit with him an hour or two every day at the jail, and hold his hand and give him candy and flowers and fruit and cigarettes—and money, if he wants it."

"But—*why?*" I exclaimed. "To put a man in jail—"

"It's plain as day. The law is on my side. Times are hard. The city is taking care of Benny, and I know where he is and what he is not doing. I know he is not getting himself in trouble that he can't get out of. And—I can sleep at night."

"How long are you going to keep him in jail?"

"I haven't decided. It's so peaceful here, like this."

I thought of Benny in Alimony Jail. Benny sitting alone in a corner, smoking cigarettes and "mad."

I rose to go. Mrs. Benny held up the perfectly ironed shirt for me to admire her skill. Her last words were a repetition. Smilingly she said:

"I love the ground that man walks on."

Love? What *is* love? I wondered.

An ex-wife living up on Park Avenue proved as accessible as Mrs. Benny. I will call her Mrs. Blank. This lady had been divorced for ten years. She had received $1,000 a week during all those years. Her husband was behind for five weeks: $5,000. She had him arrested and put in jail. He had spent ten days in jail.

She was a beautiful woman, with dark eyes and hair and creamy complexion. A Spanish type. Her forehead was broad and her eyes were set far apart. An intellectual.

She was very gracious and very graceful in a long flowing black-velvet Sunday afternoon gown. When I asked her why she had put her husband in jail, she replied:

"Because he wouldn't support me."

I LOOKED around at the luxurious splendor of her spacious apartment.

"Are you dependent upon his support?"

She smiled—a flash of beautiful pearly teeth.

"Certainly. I married him, didn't I?"

"You've been divorced for ten years. You haven't remarried?"

"No. A burnt child dreads the fire. But even if I had married, I could make him keep up his alimony payments. The law's on my side."

"You could after you had married again?"

"Certainly. I've looked into all that. I have the best and highest-priced lawyer in New York. He knows. He assures me that this is true. I can make my former husband pay, even after I am married to another man."

"You have no money apart from the thousand dollars a week that he has been sending for ten years?"

"That is none of his affair, is it? I'm a good business woman. I save, and invest cautiously. Who has anything to say to that?"

"You've saved a small fortune, I take it," I ventured, "in ten years."

"That has nothing to do with my alimony. He pays me a thousand a week, like the judge ordered, or he goes to jail and stays there. I'll have that much satisfaction."

"You loved him when you married him?"

She smiled in a dreamy way as she replied:

"Yes. I loved him. I loved him divinely."

Suddenly the smile vanished. She went on:

"But all he wanted was babies. Wanted me to move out in the suburbs and live in a big house with a litter of babies and a mob of servants to bedevil the soul out of me. He wanted to bury me in domesticity while he could be foot-loose and do as he pleased."

I said, "That's life, isn't it?"

Her eyes flashed, and the brilliant smile.

"It wasn't my life. None of that for me."

As I viewed the evidences of wealth and comfort and luxury around me—for example, a bowl of pink Radiance roses on a baby grand piano—I thought of the bare, awful cleanness of Alimony Jail. The narrow, cell-like room, the crowded dormitories, the barred windows and doors.

"DO you believe in woman suffrage?" I asked.

"I most certainly do," was her unhesitant reply. "I was a prominent worker on the most important committees and organizations in New York City long ago, when the fight was on, before we gained victory."

"It isn't possible!" I exclaimed. "Would you mind telling me how old you are?"

"Forty-two."

She looked twenty-five. Not a day older.

"How long were you married before you were divorced?"

"Ten years. We never spoke an angry word to each other. He is a gentleman. I knew what I wanted and he gave it to me. Until—oh, well, I was through."

"You were accustomed to wealth before you were married?"

She laughed lightly. It was a deep, musical laugh. She said:

"I should say not. I had nothing but myself. But that has no connection with my alimony affairs, has it? I married wealth and I propose to hold on to my rights to the bitter end. When he was arrested, he didn't have to stay but ten days in jail before he found the five thousand dollars and costs. If he gets behind again, he goes in again."

The bitter end meant placing the man whom she had "loved divinely" in a cell in Alimony Jail! Because he was not now able to pay the thousand dollars a week that he had been paying her for ten years!

LOVE? What *is* love? I wondered.

Not one of the wives that I saw needs the alimony for which they have put their husbands in jail.

There may be others who would tell a different story. I doubt it. Why put a husband in jail where all chance of his making any money with which to pay is taken from him?

From the three-room apartment over a delicatessen shop to the lavish luxuriousness of Park Avenue, whatever the *motive* that prompted the putting of a husband in jail, it was not lack of money or need for money. Mrs. Benny had her own peculiar reasons, and who is there to find fault when the "law is on her side"? Mrs. Erskine is a retired artist, living at home and driving her own car. Mrs. Webber is snugly ensconced in a luxurious apartment, idly "entertaining."

It is all a scrambled-egg affair, and no egg was ever unscrambled.

The alimony laws of the State of New York surely call for new legislation that will lift the whole tangled mess out of the confusion and absurdity of medieval nonsense to a sane and modern reasonableness.

The wives who really need alimony do not put their husbands in jail.

The ones who profit most in this alimony racket, so far as I can see, are the alimony specialty lawyers who can operate safely behind legalized blackmail, pandering to greedy, selfish, vindictive, and jealous wives.

THE END

Hancock was shifting and re-forming his line of battle by the

WHISTLING

(Reading time: 29 minutes 45 seconds.)

THIS is a story of love and courage during our Civil War, as told by Juan Maddox. Juan and Iris O'Brien, young Texans, became Federal Military Telegraph operators, and worked together in the field. This despite the fact that Conway, a detective, considered Iris' loyalty doubtful. Juan, seeing Captain O'Brien, Iris' father, walk away from her tent, mount, and dash off, went to the girl. She was sobbing.

PART EIGHT—TRAGIC DAYS

By ROBERT

Pic

IRIS dug desperately at her wet eyes with both little fists, the checked sobs shaking her.

"What on earth's the matter, Iris?"

"N-nothing. It is—isn't anything—Juan—"

It *was* something. But as it seemed to be a family matter between her and her father, I did not press it.

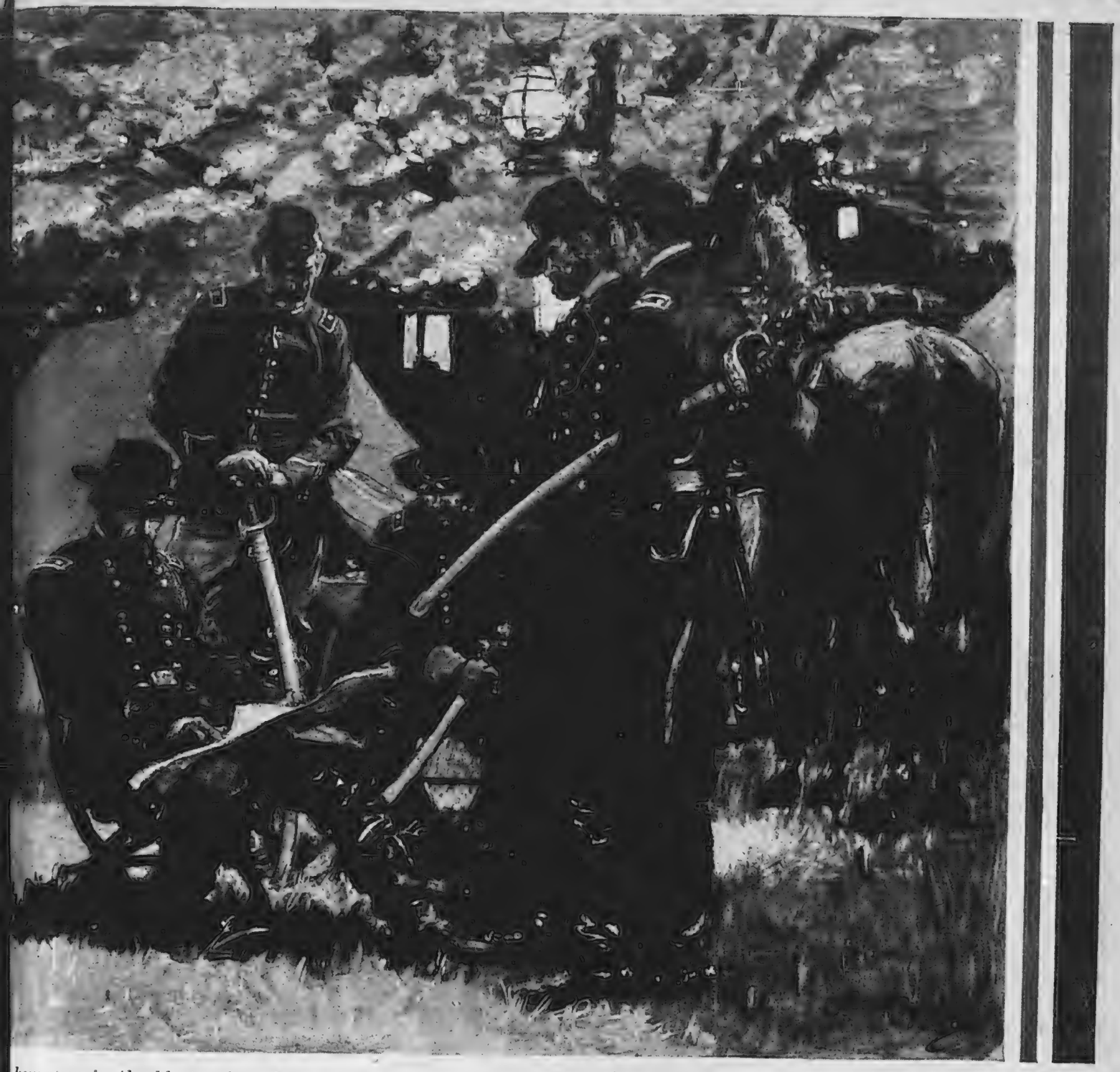
There was something concerning him that she was afraid of.

"Any messages?" I asked awkwardly.

"Routine. Telegraph. Nothing from the f-front. N-no cipher."

"All right. I saw Colonel O'Hara."

She nodded, drying her eyes.



hung up in the blossoming cherry trees. All fighting had ceased.

CAT

Iris' Sorrowful Secret—Those Girls!—The Death Grapple of Armies—That Thing Called Love—Danger in the Forest

AMBERS

PRICE

"He won't send any men to Raccoon ford. He can't. I think I'd better notify Culpeper."

She said nothing. I crawled in beside her and, squatting there, got Culpeper and asked them to relay to Generals Gerrard and Torbert the disquieting news concerning Smithy at Raccoon ford. Also I asked for news from the front, and received the reply that the last news of the Army of the Potomac was that it was staggering on in a desperate race with the Confederate army on parallel lines, their two hostile flanks in constant and murderous contact, fighting like wildcats at every step.

All I learned was that General Wilson's cavalry had crossed the River Nye and had arrived at Spotsylvania Court House only to be driven away from it. It was not Wilson's fault, I was informed.

I said to Iris: "General Grant is going to be blocked again. Lee is making him fight where he doesn't want to. That unciphered telegram was a bad mistake."

"I don't think it was due to that alone," she said. "I had advices from the signal officers at Chancellor's that Confederate scouts were reporting the movement of Gen-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WHISTLING CAT
Continued from page thirty-one]

eral Grant's wagon train. That alone was enough to inform Lee, wasn't it?"

"Probably. He's a great general."

"Where does Grant want to fight, Juan?"

"Anywhere in the open between Lee's army and Richmond."

There ensued a long, unresponsive silence. She had not even mentioned her father's visit. I wondered whether she thought I was ignorant of it.

Then, somehow, into my mind came the detective's blunt warning to "keep an eye" on this young girl.

I was recollecting, now, the odd failure of Iris to relay a dispatch to me and to others from Solitude; her inadequate explanation and impatience when I could find no record of this dispatch among my files; her scarcely veiled concern when I spoke of a probable checking up on her by the district manager; her very evident uneasiness regarding Conway, and his unexplained persistency in turning up wherever she went.

And there was the incident on the train that night the rebel riders raided the Holston Valley, when she wanted to go with me and Conway bluntly ordered her back.

I looked at her, perplexed, uneasy, but not really doubting her. But she was visibly close to tears again.

"Your father was here," I said.

I saw her start; then she merely nodded her head, not looking at me. What was distressing her I couldn't imagine—unless he had been drunk.

I got up; crawled out; unsaddled, rubbed down, fed and watered my nag.

A courier from Germania, Chancellorsville, and Orange plank road galloped up with three days' rations for us. He reported trouble somewhere along the River Po.

About sunset I cooked a day's rations for us both. Iris scarcely tasted hers. She was very pale.

After that we took turns at the brook with soap and toothbrush, and came back through darkening woods past the new sentry, Mike Clancy, and crept under the pup tent together.

There was scarcely a click from the magnet. Iris insisted on night duty, and I insisted that she go to the bunk in the other tent and sleep.

She wouldn't do it. She lay down again.

Later, when I touched her cautiously, I found her awake and shivering.

"You're cold," said I.

"No. Please lie down and hold me for a few moments—"

I sank back into the shadow and she crept trembling into my arms.

All night long she lay in my arms, crying silently and clinging to me like a frightened child.

Iris sat on the edge of the brook, her head tipped back against my shoulder.

II

SINCE daybreak my wire had been jammed with belated battle news: first about the cavalry clashes at Todd's Tavern, then with disjointed reports of the gathering storm—a furious little fight here, a headlong cavalry charge there. Then, like a bomb: "General Sedgwick has just been killed by a rebel sharpshooter while directing the emplacement of artillery."

The telegram was dated yesterday.

Dispatches continued to rattle through, some dated May 8, some yesterday:

Lee has seized the court house and has driven out General Wilson's cavalry.

Lee's entire army has arrived and lies squarely across our line of advance behind fortified positions of his own choosing.

We have lost 1,200 men in skirmishing, so far.

Lee's intrenchments are V-shaped, thrusting a dangerous salient between Burnside, Warren, and Hancock. The rebel General Ewell commands the center, Early the right, Anderson the left.

Hancock's corps has begun to cross.

Meade has recalled Hancock to help Warren.

Early has rushed at Hancock. The fighting is terrific.

This is the sort of jumbled news that continued to come in all day long.

"Grant is almost in sight of Richmond," I said, "but has been outguessed and outmarched."

I took a nap—or, rather, a good sleep. When I awoke and resumed the key, Iris crept out of the tent and went toward her horse.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

She replied, over her shoulder, that she was going to ride over to the cavalry camp to see her father.

I said: "I'm expecting Dan Harrison at any moment. I wish you'd wait until he arrives, and then take a couple of orderlies with you."

She shook her head. As she wheeled her horse she looked at me. Her face was a white and tragic mask.

She was gone at a canter, lifting her pretty mare over the brook at a long hunting bound.

HARRISON didn't come. Knoxville knew him not. Chattanooga understood he was on his way to General Thomas. I nailed that lie.

There was a sickening and gory trickle over the wire from Spotsylvania. Scientific slaughter and murder in minute detail was being arranged for the morrow.

Anyway, all our fords were intact and our line working beautifully.

If she doesn't come, shall I close up shop and go out and look for her?

I noticed that my hand on the key trembled.

These damned girls!

The terrible thing was—the thing suddenly guessed—the brand-new thing was that I couldn't do without her. Whatever that signified. . . . The nearness of her. The touch of her. . . . I couldn't let those things go. . . . Not now.

I went out and spoke to the sentry. He stared vacantly into the darkening woods.

I heard something—*something!*—in the dark woods beyond the brook. Just beyond—

I crept out of the tent and stood motionless as Iris rode slowly up as though deathly tired.

I lifted her out of her saddle. She seemed so weary that I carried her over to the tent. She stood there, limp and silent, fumbling at her gloves.

"What's wrong?" said I.

"Nothing." With one glove half stripped from her fingers, she rested both hands on my breast and leaned her head against them.

"Oh," she breathed. "Oh, Juan—Juan!"

"You've got to tell me, Iris."

"I can't. I'd rather die. I wish I were dead. Oh, Juan, I wish I were! I'm frightened—"

I held her very close. She was not weeping. She lifted her white face from her hands and looked at me in the lamp-lit darkness.

She drew a swift, deep breath. "I—let me think. I'll go crazy if I go on thinking, but I've got to—"

"What are you afraid of?" I asked, as a sudden fear touched me also—crept over me, stilling my pulse with its subtle chill.

"I—I'm going home. I'm going home to Texas."

"Why?"

"THE battle has become a terrific struggle for the salient. Lee holds on."

"I can't stay. Oh, Juan, I can't go, either."

Her slim hands closed on my arms, then fell away; and she sank to her knees and lay sideways against the tent pole, white, inert.

I had lighted a lantern and had cared for her horse and mine. When I came back she was attending mechanically to her duties—sending, receiving, relaying.

She wouldn't eat. She was thirsty, however, and I fetched water and filled both canteens.

All that Conway had said was obsessing me—confusing my senses, clamoring in my brain with a brazen, deafening noise, demoralizing me. Through the chaos of it all I heard a voice not like my own:

"What are you afraid of? Discovery? Is there anything to discover? To frighten you? If there is, you must go. . . . It makes no difference to me what you have done to be so frightened. . . . All that is between you and God. Right or wrong, you are the same to me. . . . You follow your convictions. You have all the courage of the martyrs. You have done what you think right. . . . Now you are right to go."

After a long silence: "Do you, also, think me disloyal?" she breathed.

"Not to your beliefs."

"Do you think me disloyal to my oath, my office, my government, Juan?"

"But not to your secret faith. Not to your state."

Tears welled up in her eyes. A call came; she relayed it blindly, her tears falling upon the key.

That ended it. She would not utter another word. And all that warm May evening, and all through that still, fragrant night, while the magnet remained motionless and dumb, she lay close in my arms, now limp, now rigid, feverish, quivering or relaxed in voiceless, hopeless grief.

It had begun to rain in the forest.

ON Wednesday the sun shone again. Iris seemed feverish and ill, and I made her keep her bed.

All day long the telegraph clattered an endless report of petty skirmishing. A telegram came from Beckwith saying that Hancock was shifting and re-forming his line of battle by the light of lanterns hung up in the blossoming cherry trees. Another dispatch said that all fighting had ceased.

Morning dawned in a pouring rain which continued until noon. Then the sun came out, brilliant and hot.

And now the telegrams began to come, carrying horrible news of Hancock's assault in the morning rain where the great rebel salient was piled and packed to the parapet with mangled human flesh.

Out of the Army of the Potomac, already, the equivalent of a large army—almost as large as Lee's—had gone down to destruction.

Toward nightfall Beckwith telegraphed me personally: "This is the most ghastly sight a man ever gazed upon. But there is to be no turning back. We are to continue fighting. We are to go on. Nothing on earth can stop us, unless, like Joshua, God lifts up His hand."

III

WHEN I awoke the sun was shining hotly and Iris was sitting cross-legged at the key of a noisy magnet, her hair disheveled and her blue-caped army overcoat covering her nightgown.

"Hello!" she said tenderly, her veiled but unembarrassed glance lingering on me a moment. Then she bent over her pad and continued scribbling while reading the clicking magnet by eye. And I, lying on the blankets, followed the rapid day-old messages by ear:

G. H. Q.,
May 11, 1864.

A great battle is now going on in the rain at Spotsylvania. General Hancock's corps is violently involved. You will continue to relay all news to Nashville, Louisville, St. Louis, and Cincinnati. Couriers should be ready at Chattanooga to communicate all cipher to General Thomas. See to it.

BECKWITH.

Without pause followed another dispatch:

Hancock and Warren are now fighting desperately beyond the fords. Great loss of life in Hancock's corps. Rebels now shelling our artillery reserves. Keep Thomas informed.

BECKWITH.

Then:

Lee is trying to turn our right. Hancock's corps has been very roughly handled. His men obey cheerfully and remain steady. Their morale is excellent. General Grant sees no reason for apprehension.

Silence again; then the nervous tension was interrupted once more:

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WHISTLING CAT Continued from page thirty-three]

G. H. Q.

General Grant has decided that the rebel salient in front of McCool's House must be carried by frontal attack and at any cost. Dense columns of this army are now marching to the assault.

General Warren, in full parade uniform and splendidly mounted, is leading the main assault. All our regiments display their colors and battle flags. The rebel salient remains terribly silent. BECKWITH.

Nothing more arrived over the wire. As the suspense slowly became almost unendurable, I tried to find relief in words, commonplaces—anything to divert thought from that frightful parapet so far away, so ominously, horribly silent.

"You seem more cheerful this morning, Iris," I said with an effort.

"I am not going home," she remarked calmly.

Then, suddenly, all the anxiety and distress of the wretched night just ended rushed over me again, and I turned from my magnet to stare at her.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I *can't* go back," she said, tugging at her blue jacket. "It's no good to run away from trouble if you can't win the race, is it?"

"You can *avert* trouble by *avoiding* it, can't you?" I demanded sharply.

"I *can't* avert it. It—it isn't what you think, darling. It's—almost worse."

"Are you telling me that you have nothing to fear from United States detectives?"

"I don't know what I have to fear. I've got to face it, anyway. But truly, Juan, it is not what you think—about myself, I mean."

"You are not disloyal, then?"

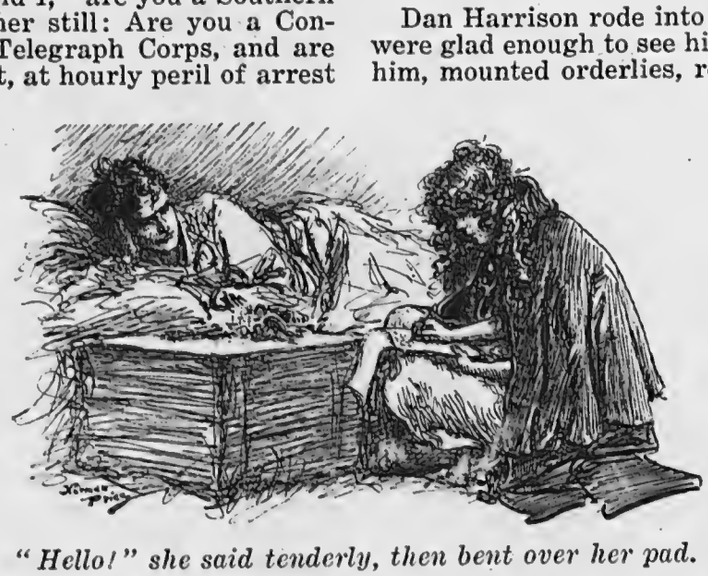
"Oh, darling, I don't know what you mean by disloyalty—"

This alarmed and exasperated me, and I turned on her to make an end of it.

"I mean, in plain words," said I, "are you a Southern sympathizer? I'll put it plainer still: Are you a Confederate spy in our Military Telegraph Corps, and are you serving a rebel government, at hourly peril of arrest and death? For, if you are, it is a frightful thing you are doing, and you must telegraph your resignation to Colonel Stager and leave this office today."

SHE was listening to me tranquilly and buttoning up her jacket. "I suppose Conway thinks that of me," she said; "but I never really supposed you did."

"I don't really think so. I can't believe it. But I don't understand what else your behavior indicates," said I, "and why you should be in such mortal terror—"



"Hello!" she said tenderly, then bent over her pad.

She interrupted wearily: "I *can't* tell you, darling. But it isn't what you fear. If there's anything to face, I'll just have to face it. That is my decision after our miserable, sleepless night together. . . . Poor Juan—"

She crept over on hands and knees and put her arms around me. "You are so kind to me, Juan. Don't think me treacherous. I wouldn't betray anybody. I *couldn't*."

"I know it," I said; "but what the devil's the matter with you?"

She rested her lips lightly on my face. "I suppose," she said, "I'm falling in love—for one thing."

That was a gush word I didn't like—that sort of silly talk. And yet I was beginning to wonder—

"I'm going to wash my face and hands and then get breakfast," she said. "Or shall I take the key—"

"No; go ahead."

She kissed me lightly. "I won't be long." And I heard her whistling and singing as she walked toward the brook.

My magnet clattered; the belated dispatch came with a rush:

G. H. Q., Spotsylvania.

A tremendous frontal attack on the rebel salient. The hand-to-hand fighting is frightful. Our men are blown from the rampart by canister, torn to fragments in the blast of the rebel cannon. The Confederate rifle fire is a perpetual flame along the parapets. Our soldiers crawl up under them and stab downward with their bayonets, often hurling them like javelins to pin their opponents to the ground.

We have just lost a field piece. Hancock's troops are los heavily. The result is in doubt. S. BECKWITH, Op.

Then:

We have lost 4,000 more men. It is like battering one's head against a brick wall. The battle has become a terrific struggle for the salient. Lee holds on; we dash and dash against it.

Grant and Meade are watching it. Grant is silent.

B.

Then, again:

Upton has just made one of the most magnificent infantry attacks of the whole war. The 5th and 6th Corps have been very badly mangled. Fighting continues, but the battle seems to be a drawn one and at a heavy cost to the Army of the Potomac. The Confederate loss is not known to us.

BECKWITH, Op.

THEN, over the wire came a dispatch from General Grant himself, addressed to Washington via Culpeper, and ending with these terrible, significant words:

I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer!

Utter silence on the wire ensued.

After I sent it I remained in a sort of trance, awaiting God knew what.

Dan Harrison rode into camp late that afternoon. We were glad enough to see him. He had a field section with him, mounted orderlies, repair men, a battery wagon, a construction cart. These and Harrison himself went into camp across the brook.

"You two need a rest," he said generously. "Take it. As for me, I've had nothing to do for days and days, and I've eaten and slept till I'm comatose. I'll take care of everything; the mere idea of sleep nauseates me."

He had fetched with him some green vegetables, potatoes, and oranges.

"Sherman hasn't done so much, and he's lost a thousand men," said Harrison. "He wasn't quick enough and clever enough to take care of Forrest and Hood. Joe Johnston smelled the pretty trap at Dalton and fled, thumbing his derisive nose at Uncle Billy. And now our lively and noisy uncle is facing three lusty rebel *corps d'armée* and ten thousand superb and ambitious Confederate cavalry at Resaca. He's marched eighteen miles, lost one thousand men, lost Hood and Forrest, left the problem of his communications in the hands of God and the rebel cavalry, and has a real fight on his hands at Resaca. . . . However, Uncle Billy really is a good general."

Thus gossiped Dan Harrison as we ate our supper in the warm rays of the declining sun.

IV

THE moon floated above the woods. Iris sat on the edge of the brook, her warm little head tipped back against my shoulder, one slim hand lying in mine, the other

resting palm open on my knee, like an upcurled white rose petal which had lightly fallen there.

As Harrison, in his tent across the brook, was taking care of the telegraph, I looked forward to the first unbroken night's rest I had had for days.

I was about ready to turn in now, but Iris felt me stirring and drew one of my arms around her waist, holding it there with her hand pressed over mine.

"Lovin' yuh,
Lovin' yuh!
Laws-a-massy, what de debil willah dhu—"

She was singing poor Fraxinella's interminable song, which might easily last all night if I were disposed to linger to hear the end of it.

"Get up," said I.

"Oh, Juan!"

"Don't you ever feel like sleeping?" I demanded.

"Yes; but the moon, darling, and you—"

"Not by a jugful! Come on."

I made her get up. She took hold of my arm and began that soft, persuasive, dovelike whimper which I instantly recognized of old as always preliminary to some request unwelcome to me.

"Will you let me go to sleep on your blanket, Juan?"

"No, I won't. You've got your own tent—"

"I'm so tired—"

"So am I."

"I'm so hungry—I mean lonely. Don't laugh at me, darling—"

"You crawl into your own bunk," said I, dropping on my knees and creeping into mine.

I was almost asleep when I felt her very close to me in the darkness, and, with sleepy instinct to keep her quiet, drew her down into the hollow of my arm.

I remember her warm lips against mine. I think we slept so; for when I unclosed my eyes in the gray daylight we still lay that way, lightly embraced.

The swift reaction of self-consciousness—of consciousness of *her*—reacted again in hot embarrassment and a kind of boyish repulsion. I don't know what I thought about her—about her throat and shoulders. The dazzling whiteness of her where the ragged nightdress fell apart scared me more than it fascinated.

SOMETHING was suffocating me slowly. I'd got to get out of this.

"Juan darling—"

"It's daylight. I've got to go over and relieve Harrison."

"Oh, dear, I'm so sleepy, darling—"

"That's all right; you go on sleeping."

"Don't go!"

"And after this you'll stay in your own tent—"

"Why?"

"So I can get up without waking you—hang it all!"

"I thought we were falling in love," she whimpered.

"If you continue to talk about it we won't. . . . Let me get up. . . . And you better mend your nightgown."

She looked startled, blushed hotly, and jerked the blanket up to her chin.

I was sorry I had spoken that way. She lay flushed and silent, swathed to the chin, looking up at me; and I bent over and kissed her mouth. But she turned her face sideways, resting her cheek on her curved arm. She had beautiful hair. I rested my lips on it.

But she wouldn't look at me again.

I went across to see Harrison. His wire was ominously idle. He was in a somber mood. Seated in the battery wagon beside him, I listened to sordid contractors' telegrams and to other commercial items as they came along. However, it was nearly ten o'clock, and presently Harrison cut them off, slicing in two a piteous shriek from a Memphis cotton broker.

Harrison, so recently closely in touch with Washington and the North, was in a very serious mood.

Very slowly and cautiously I moved up closer until I was behind a tree and quite near him.

NEW YORK and New England, he said, were sick and tired of the rebellion. Burdensome taxation, war weariness, death or illness in almost every family, households disrupted, prices oppressive—all these, and half the Republic in mourning, were turning people sullen.

"We've *got* to go on," I said.

"We can't unless we elect Lincoln. We can't elect Lincoln unless our armies give us a victory *before* the election. It lies with Grant, it lies with Sherman, it lies with our admiral in the gulf below Mobile, whether or not Abraham Lincoln is elected and this nation survives."

I sat silent. So this, then, was the stake! And now that gigantic battle line of Northern armies, stretching in bayonets from the West to the Atlantic—and which had been expected to sweep south, open like fate's own shears, and cut the Confederacy and her armies in twain—was stopped, held fast, horribly punished, and an awful price already exacted for every sanguinary mile it had advanced.

About three o'clock in the afternoon Iris came over to take the key. But Harrison already had waked and dined; and now he insisted on a further vacation for her, and for me also. Even while he was talking to us, his magnet interrupted; and Iris and I listened to an annoying message from Chancellor's, warning us that the wire had been cut somewhere between our station and Old Wilderness Tavern, and that we must send a repair gang at once to find the trouble and fix it up.

Cavalry, we understood, guarded the Military Telegraph line, which had been made more nearly permanent by setting poles and replacing cable by common wire and insulators.

Iris began to walk slowly away toward our tents, but paused to gossip with the trooper on guard at the brook.

I could not forbear to brag a little to Dan Harrison, saying rather mischievously that the war for the South was being fought almost entirely by Texans.

"One or two more such suggestions," he remarked, "and you'll wake up some day in Fort Lafayette."

"I don't see why," said I, "we can't take pride in that galaxy of superb Southern officers. They're better than we are. Besides, they're Americans. Well, I'll be going, then, Dan."

Harrison said he'd go and let us work his key, but of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WHISTLING CAT
Continued from page thirty-five]

course I refused further obligations, and, calling out two construction and repair men, two troopers, and a mule with a packsaddle, went away to saddle my horse and drop a Caton instrument into my saddlebag.

"No," said I to Iris, who had followed and was saddling up—"I don't want you riding these woods. I don't mean that there's any danger, either. I just don't care for the idea."

She got into her saddle defiantly.

I urged my horse toward her, but she wheeled her mount and cantered away among the trees, turning again to see what I'd do about it.

"Be a good girl and stay here," said I pleasantly—and smiled upon her.

She made no response to my blandishments; just sat her horse in the distance, regarding me.

So I spurred across to Harrison's Park, where two mounted linemen, two of O'Hara's troopers, two orderlies, and a led mule with reel-saddle fell into file behind me and followed me southward at an easy canter.

"You look out for guerrillas!" shouted Harrison as we passed his battery wagon.

"O. K., old man!" I returned gayly.

Off we went in the general direction of Old Wilderness.

We had been riding about an hour, I think, when, chancing to look back, I saw Iris loping up from the rear.

When she caught my eye she spurred forward with a joyous little cry and a wave of her gloved hand, as though never doubting her welcome and a delightful reunion.

As her nag ranged up alongside of me, I told her what I thought about it with emphasis. Her smile faded and she gazed at me in dismay. "But, darling," she protested in a breathless voice, "you *said* there was no danger!"

"What I have occasion to say to mindless young girls, and what is the sober and spitting truth," said I, "are not intended to coincide! You have no business out here!"

"Yes, I have—if you're here."

"Don't be an idiot," said I fiercely. "Have we got to be thinking about you if Gholson Ghooly's gang of guerrillas should try to bother us?"

"No," said she. "I carry a revolver, don't I?"

I WAS too mad to reply. I was deeply worried, also. Too late to send her back now, anyway. I couldn't let her return alone, and I couldn't spare either orderly or trooper.

She edged her horse closer and laid her hand lightly on my shoulder. "I'm sorry, Juan. But what good is it to be alive if anything happens to you?"

"Don't talk that way."

"Why not, if I'm in love?"

"Don't talk *that* way, either!"

"Why not, if it's true?"

I rode on sullenly for a few moments, then drew bridle, sent out one of the troopers ahead, sent the other to the rear, took the halter of the led mule in my hand, and directed the two repair men to free their revolvers and ride a hundred yards on either flank.

I had not thought much about danger when I started; I thought a lot about it now. The very thought of guerrillas gave me a sick feeling in the pit of my stomach.

"This is a darn' mean thing you've done to me," I said, scowling at the forest about us. "You should feel ashamed! I'd as soon think of taking Mother into this damned forest as to think of taking you!"

She said nothing. I was never madder in my life.

"How do you suppose I'd feel if anything happened to you?" I demanded passionately. "Do I make you ashamed of yourself now?"

"You—make me quite happy—when you say that."

As she said it I began to realize the significance of my violence.

She said: "It's better, darling, that we remain together in dangerous places—in dangerous moments. . . . We'll take what comes together. No kindness to the other to face it alone."

But no man can assent to that.

My trooper ahead drew bridle to wait for us.

"There's the telegraph, sir," he said, pointing to the left.

A pole was visible through the trees where a long streak of sunshine revealed the Chancellorsville and Orange Court House plank road. I dismounted, signaled my men to ride in, handed the mule's halter to a repair man, and went forward alone to reconnoiter.

An absolutely empty road, badly torn up by the passage of an army, stretched away in the brilliant sunshine as far as the eye could see. Along it, dwindling into distant perspective, stood telegraph poles with insulators and a single iron wire attached.

It seemed a simple matter to find and repair the break—merely a matter of patience and endurance. No poles had been felled, as far as I could see; no wire removed; no insulators smashed by bullets.

SO I whistled cheerily as I went about my job, sending the men out to locate the break, and leaving Iris with the mule until that animal and his packsaddle were needed.

To the left, or eastward, the road turned some four hundred yards ahead, and after consulting my linen-backed map I thought I had better ride as far as the curve and see that all was clear beyond toward Chancellor's.

This road, we understood, was patrolled by details from General Wilson's command; but I saw no sign of a trooper on the long, empty road toward Orange Court House. However, no doubt they had discovered and reported the break, and might now be clustered in that vicinity awaiting the repair party.

I pocketed my Caton and two or three feet of wire for emergency, put clippers, climbing irons, and a couple of screw insulators into my haversack, primed my revolver, gave my bridle to Iris, and walked off through the woods, cutting across toward the bend in the plank road.

I looked back after I had gone a hundred yards, and the woods were so dense here that I could not see Iris and the horses and mule. It occurred suddenly to me that right here was a good place for guerrillas to lie in ambush; and I walked forward rather gingerly.

I made no sound over the moist forest bed, and presently came near the plank road just beyond the bend in it.

At first I thought I saw one of our men, but remembered I'd sent them all toward Orange Court House. But I saw somebody.

Certainly the mounted man on the road beyond the trees wore blue. But something, I don't know what, restrained me from hailing him. Cautiously I moved up closer until I was behind an oak tree and quite near him.

In spite of the hot sun, he wore a Federal officer's overcoat, with collar turned up and campaign hat pulled down, quite masking his features in shadow.

And now I heard another man, whom I could not see, talking to him; and, squirming around and reaching a larger pine tree, I discovered the other man.

He was a mere lad, dressed in shabby civilian clothes. But what riveted my attention was what this slim lad was about. For he had tapped the wire, cut in, and was squatting beside his horse, listening to whatever went over that wire. The next instant I realized something was wrong, and, scarcely considering what I was doing, I drew my revolver, cocked it, and ran through the woods toward the Chancellor plank road.

To Juan, the next quarter of an hour is crucial. He is running straight into a dangerous mess. You'll see tense action in next week's installment of the story.

NEXT WEEK—

Beginning

A NEW NOVEL OF RENO

SIX WEEKS

An interlude in marriage among the second-guessing thrill hunters

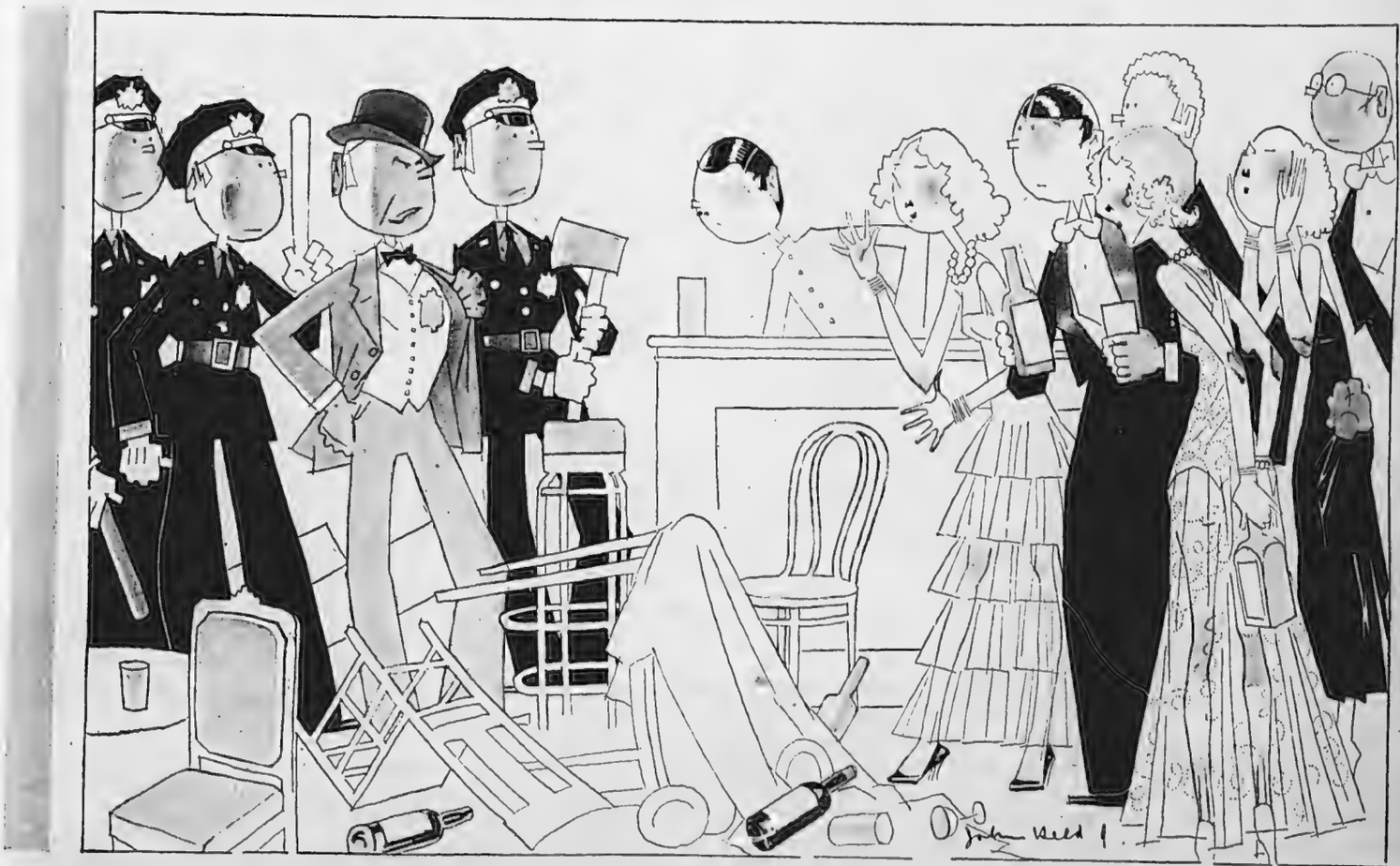
By

Lawrence Saunders

CIVILIZATION'S PROGRESS by John Held, Jr.

A Happy New Year

The Days Beyond Recall



The Happy New Year Today

and The Party Raided

Vox

Stay Away from Those Parties

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—I'm angry with Princess Kropotkin. Oh, very angry! It's because I followed her advice, given in "To the Ladies!" and things didn't work out the way they should have. You see, she gave advice to girls on how to fake a blush of outraged modesty when someone tells a naughty story.

The idea was to "grab hold of the string of beads you're wearing, twist them tight around your throat, insert a

nonchalant finger under the beads, press down on your carotid artery"—and the result was supposed to be a blush any girl might be proud of.

Well, the last time I was at a party somebody told a naughty joke and I straightway did my stuff. Perhaps I twisted my necklace too hard. Anyway, there happened to be a young doctor at the party and before I knew what was happening he had lifted me and laid me on a couch and was counting my pulse.

And when I said I wasn't sick—just modest—there was a general howl of "Horse feathers!"—*A Very Mad Girl.*

"May God Help the Railroads!"

SHAW, MISS.—I have just read your very courageous editorial, "May God Help the Railroads!"

Many years ago I entered the service of the Santa Fe Railway, in Texas, my native state, and remained with it until I had reached an executive position. I voluntarily resigned.

At that time I had the feeling that the government system of regulations would eventually strangle the carriers, and now that this has been effectually done and the job is complete, it was a very, very fine thing to me to read your splendid editorial. It covered the case completely.—*A Former Railroad Man.*

CLEVELAND, OHIO—I have just read "May God Help the Railroads!" and am moved to reply. Granted that the railroads are in the grip of governmental mismanagement. How did they get there?

Was it not the result of using the railroads as pawns in a gigantic gambling game, for one thing? Was it not the logical result, under a representative government, of the "public be damned" attitude of the railroads?

Let the railroads howl a bit. Might do 'em good.—*Geo. H. Long.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—What's the big idea of calling on God Almighty to help the poor railroads? You surely have read or must be old enough to know a little of the history of the leading railroads in the United States. Poor little babies, so innocent, so helpless, so inexperienced.

Oh, *yeah?*—*John P. Nace.*

DENVER, COLO.—Your "May God Help the Railroads!" was the best thought you ever published.—*Alva A. Swain.*

TALLADEGA, ALA.—Your sympathy is wasted on the railroads. They have been coddled by the government from the start and permitted to rob the farmers by high freight rates.

High salaries and too many of them, and high wages—those are the railroad troubles.—*G. T. McElderry.*

SAVANNAH, GA.—Your editorial, "May God Help the Railroads!" was wonderful.

We railroad people should not only say "May God help the railroads," but "Thank God for people in the world like the editors of our Liberty!"—*E. S. Straus, Central of Georgia R. R.*

A Funny Bone Is Hit

DIERINGER, WASH.—First, last, and always, give me Liberty and give me Robert Benchley! There's something about the solemn way in which "Bench" puts nonsensical things that hits my funny bone hard.

Oliver Bathurst

You'd think, from the way he pours out humorous ideas, that his imagination would soon be exhausted, and that he'd have to stop writing and go into seclusion for a while, in order to collect more side-splitting stuff. But, on the contrary, he seems to get more prolific all the time.

I recently made a trip as a sailor on an Alaskan steamer, and that eleven days without so much as a grin over Benchley was torture.—*Oliver Bathhurst.*

His Last Coin for a Climax

ATLANTA, GA.—If you can tell me how many more short short stories Leslie Fenton will write, despite the depression and my already curtailed daily menus I will scrape some more nickels off someone to get at least those copies of Liberty. Boy, such a climax on that short short story of his, "The Comic Artist"!—*R. A. de Vore.*

This Smashing New Worry: the Stratosphere War

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In "The Approaching Terrible War in the Stratosphere," Colonel James C. Fitzmaurice states that disabled planes, falling from the stratosphere, "burst into flames upon striking the atmosphere at planetary velocity."

The planes are then "dissipated on to the earth below in the form of powder and small fragments."

In another part, the colonel places the enemy armada in the stratosphere "within the region of space over the opponent's capital city."

Thereupon, the stratoplanes' bombs are released and "fall screaming through space and atmosphere to the helpless earth below."

Hence, "the shock of the hit is appalling; great buildings totter and tumble into the dust."

Query:

If meteors and planes burst into flames upon striking the atmosphere at planetary velocity, thence to fall upon the earth in the form of powder or fragments, why are bombs not subject to similar action, exploding harmlessly miles above the city attacked?—*Stanwood Lee Henderson.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—We all want to live a little longer. So why does Liberty print stuff that scares us to death? Colonel Fitzmaurice's piece of writing, "The Approaching Terrible War in the Stratosphere," made my hair stand on end.

So cities are going to be wiped out by contraptions called stratoplanes, are they?

Well, when this coming stratosphere war breaks out, do you know where I want to be? I want to be sitting pretty in a nice, comfortable, plush-upholstered, standard-model electric chair,

with the electrician ready to do his killing stuff the minute we get the news that war has been declared.

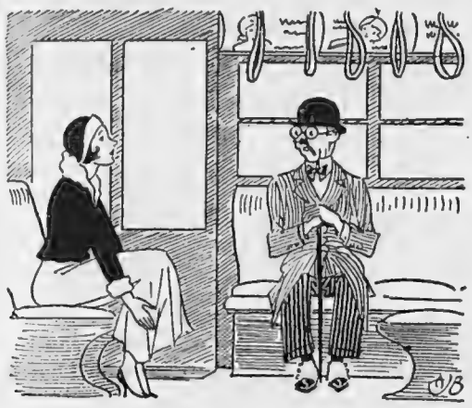
I want to be in heaven, where, they say, it's safe, when those bomb-dropping air fiends start laying their devilish eggs.—*F. Reed.*

Pop

From a Brave Man

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I was floundering in a flood of tears when I finished reading that article of Maude Parker's entitled, "Should a Woman Be a Good Sport?" Just think how the lordly male has been putting it over on the unsuspecting, unselfish, self-sacrificing being that is the modern womah!

It is true, of course, that from her birth (paid for by a male) until her



marriage (paid for by the male) her living expenses are provided by a male. It is true that from then on another man takes on the job until the day she is buried, at a man's expense, by a male.

It is true that during the days she is seeking her husband her entertainment expenses are paid for by her male escorts, although she may be making more money than they at the time. (Yes, she sometimes works a few years between school days and married days, usually keeping her salary for herself.)

It is true, of course, that although women don't produce ten per cent they spend ninety per cent of the money the world earns. And own seventy per cent.

Of course that is all the girls' due, for weren't they born with soprano voices and don't they wear dresses? Sufficient reason, *per se*. But think of what the dastardly men have been slipping over! By wily compliment, back-slapping, and calling women good sports, they have succeeded in fixing things so that a fellow who has married a woman, and been privileged to pay her bills for years, may get away with only a partial shearing in the alimony mills, instead of being deprived of everything down to his last pair of pants, which, of course, is her inalienable right.

Women good sports?

It is to laugh!

Say, do you know why they pull down their skirts on street cars? Modesty? Not the present-day woman, surely. Well, here's the answer: They're absolutely distracted with the fear that perhaps some man will get a thrill of pleasure out of the sight of some curve—*and not have to pay for it!—George A. Power.*

"To Hell with the Admirals!"

TORONTO, ONT., CAN.—Say, who is this General Smedley D. Butler, anyway? It is articles such as "To Hell with the Admirals!" that make the world laugh at American conceit.—*Arthur J. Watson.*

WOODINGTON, OHIO—General Butler's article was great! Being, myself, an ex-marine, I know he is the idol of every true marine.—*Clyde R. Denniston.*

A Road to Freedom and Plenty

PORT ARTHUR, TEX.—I believe Liberty's suggestion that the surplus workers go back to the farm is the only permanent and sound solution to the unemployment problem.

Those who are out of jobs had best go back to the land.

There they can at least be self-supporting, self-respecting men and women.

They can raise an abundance of the best food, the environment is healthful for both grown-ups and the kids, and, best of all, they will be *free*.

As one young farmer expressed it to me, "When I want to take a day off and go fishing, I don't have to take my hat off and walk on my knees, and say 'Please!' to a boss.—*Longhorn.*

Drys, Wets, and Waste Motion

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—I cannot help but compare the wets and drys to two dogs chasing their tails.

It seems to me that the logical way to settle the prohibition problem would be to place it before the public, and let the people vote on it individually, the vote being taken under government supervision.

J. W. Etter, Jr.

The government should put the issue directly up to the people, then, if the wets win they can have their drink legally and it won't hurt the drys any more than it does now. And if the drys win, the wets will say, "More power to you!"—then they'll call Red on the phone for a quart of Scotch. And the dog will still be chasing his tail.—*J. W. Etter, Jr.*

What One Man Wants in Women

EPHRATA, WASH.—Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their sex. We stand accused by a female by the name of Maude Parker. In an article entitled, "Should a Woman Be a Good Sport?" she blames us for a diabolical ingenuity which instigated the plan which resulted in woman as she is, 1931 model of masculine efficiency and masculine standards.

If man was the instigator of this female rebellion, he has fallen victim to his own fiendish plot. But from my contact with the "gentler" sex it is impossible for me to believe that there are any mere men capable of causing such a revolution.

If Maudie thinks for one instant that men are rejoicing, secretly or otherwise, over "the way women are," she is tragically mistaken.

As for women in politics and business, no man ever wants to meet a woman in open competition.

Louis W. Claypool

He feels this way because, firstly, she has an unfair advantage, being a woman; secondly, because it is a blow to masculine egotism to be defeated by a woman in anything; thirdly, man is still mid-Victorian enough to think that a woman's place is in the home.

I'm for the return of the good old days, when the hand that rocked the cradle ruled the world, and the man behind the throne was a woman.—*Louis W. Claypool.*

Hot Shots at New York

SANTA FE, N. M.—I see some goof by the name of Walter Winchell wrote an article for Liberty called "Just a Big Misunderstood Town."

He tried to tell us with a straight face—or perhaps his face wasn't straight—that New York is a good place to live in.

Don't make us grin. Why, if we had a choice between New York and a desert

island we'd choose the island even if it had a stock exchange on it.

Seems as if New York's big occupation was boasting, and its big industry was the wholesale manufacture of pictures of that billion-dollar skyline it's so proud of.

I'd like to have a big picture of its skyline right now. To look at? H——, no! I was thinking it would look fine full of bullet holes.—*A Tough Guy Named Blake.*

PICTURE POST

A Summary of the Outstanding Features

By FREDERI

(Reading time: 4 minutes 5 seconds.)

NINETEEN THIRTY-ONE constituted the screen's most mature twelve months.

The films aged at least several years with the vogue of the underworld drama. Despite the attacks of reformers who looked upon it as a public menace, the gangster film presented the photoplay's first attempts to be completely truthful.

These racketeer dramas were more or less honest and unadulterated, shorn of the usual screen sentimentality and sugar. Hence their wide popularity.

To get down to the facts of 1931:

Liberty reviewed 220 pictures during the year; 472 stars were allotted to these films. The season was a little better than good, since the average stars per picture were 2.14.

Four stars were given six photoplays during 1931: City Lights, The Front Page, The Smiling Lieutenant, Bad Girl, Street Scene, The Champ.

My personal selection for the twelve best of the three-star films: Five Star Final, The Guardsman, Little Cæsar, The Blue Angel, Smart Money, The Public Enemy, The Millionaire, The Sin of Madelon Claudet, Susan Lenox, Cimarron, Trader Horn, Waterloo Bridge.

The twelve best box-office pictures of the year: Trader Horn, Cimarron, Susan Lenox, City Lights, Min and Bill, Reducing, The Spirit of Notre Dame, Little Cæsar, Strangers May Kiss, Politics, Daddy Long Legs, Frankenstein.

Best selling stars at the end of 1931: Greta Garbo, Constance Bennett.

Nearest to stardom: Clark Gable.

In the front line of popularity: Norma Shearer, Marlene Dietrich, Joan Crawford, Richard Barthelmess, Ronald Colman, Marion Davies, Janet Gaynor, Ruth Chatterton, Maurice Chevalier.

Most popular young actors: Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, James Cagney.

Most sensational hit of the year: Edward G. Robinson.

Slipped or slipping: Buddy Rogers, Mary Brian, John Barrymore, John Boles.

Most promising new face: Madge Evans.

Due for a comeback, with half a chance: Clara Bow.

In desperate need of good rôles: John Gilbert, Ruth Chatterton, William Powell.

Twelve best performances of the year: Charlie Chaplin in City Lights; Edward G. Robinson in Little Cæsar, Five Star Final, and Smart Money; Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in The Guardsman; Jackie Cooper in

Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper in The Champ.

William Collier, Jr., and Sylvia Sidney in Street Scene.

Sally Eilers and James Dunn in Bad Girl.

Maurice Chevalier and Claudette Colbert in The Smiling Lieutenant.

Charlie Chaplin and Virginia

SCRIPTS of 1931

gh Spots of a Successful Year on the Screen

MES SMITH

The Champ; James Cagney in The Public Enemy; Greta Garbo in Susan Lenox; Helen Hayes in The Sin of Madelon Claudet; Miriam Hopkins in The Smiling Lieutenant; James Durante in Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford.

Nice work all year: Marie Dressler, Lewis Stone, Walter Huston, Leslie Howard, Jean Harlow, Rose Hobart, Paul Lukas, Kay Francis, Frances Dee.

Best direction of the twelve months: King Vidor, for Street Scene and The Champ; Ernst Lubitsch, for The Smiling Lieutenant.

Most compelling dramatic moment: The appearance of the husband, murder bent, outside the cheap apartment house in Street Scene.

Most touching moment: When little Dink discovers that his father (the down-and-out fighter) is dead in The Champ.

Biggest punch: When the gangsters return the hoodlum hero of The Public Enemy to his home.

Best comic moment: When Chaplin meets his alcoholic benefactor outside the theater on the night after being ejected from his house.

Best single laugh: When the small-town gambler (Edward Robinson) administers the boot to the blonde in Smart Money.

Best camera moment: The horses running before the storm in Sporting Blood.

Warmest love scene: When Robert Montgomery carries Greta Garbo up the stairs in Inspiration.

Most concentrated It of the year: Marlene Dietrich in The Blue Angel.

Most æsthetic passion of 1931: Alexander Hamilton (George Arliss) collapses before the wiles of a colonial siren.

Most beautiful background: The girls in Palmy Days.

Best original story: The Champ, by Frances Marion.

Best adaptation: Five Star Final, by Byron Morgan and Robert Lord.

Prominent new faces of the year: Marian Marsh, Sally Eilers, Sylvia Sidney, Frances Dee, Peggy Shannon, Carole Lombard, Karen Morley, Sidney Fox, Conchita Montenegro, Linda Watkins.

Briefest taste of prominence in Hollywood history: Edwina Booth as the tanless heroine of Trader Horn.

Best short-reel features: Mickey Mouse (he even stole Doug Fairbanks' Around the World in 80 Minutes), Silly Symphonies, Screen Souvenirs.

Tragedies of 1931: Death of Robert Williams and Robert Ames.

The year's vogue in heroes: Hoodlums, gangsters, and reporters who have success breaking the law but wilt before the glint of a platinum blonde.

Greta Garbo, one of the best selling stars of the year.

Clark Gable, who came nearest to stardom in 1931.

of the most touching ights.

Adolphe Menjou, Maurice Black, and Pat O'Brien in The Front Page.

Constance Bennett, another of the year's best selling stars.

The Window of GUILT

The Story of an Evil Woman

By

SHIRLEY SEIFERT

(Reading time: 22 minutes 10 seconds.)

THE Gilham locusts bloomed in May. They were a sight to see. Up from the road marched a double row of the great round trees; and at the end of the long drive they stood like sentinels before the house, screening it almost entirely from view. Only in winter did the front of old red brick and the slate roof show through the bare branches. Now, in May, when waxen-white blooms hung from every branch, weighing down the trees as they did the atmosphere with their perfume, the old Missouri farmstead was for a while mystic, Oriental in its splendor.

Young Mark Gilham drank in the spectacle as if in springs to come he might never see the like again and life would have lost its zest when that was so.

A true Gilham Mark was—long, lean, and dark, with a body seeming lazy in its strength, with a speech seeming lazy in its slow thoughtfulness, but with features so sharply carved that they could not belong to a lazy man, and with dark eyes that glowed with feeling running deep and true and inexhaustible. Twenty-five years ago he had been born on Gilham land, in the big house itself, in the springtime, when the scent of locust flowers was heaviest, but born penniless, the orphaned son of a Spanish War martyr, born without holdings except for the favor of an aunt who had given his ailing mother shelter.

Aunt Betsy! She had taught him the lore of the trees. Their stately parade was inseparably linked with Gilham destinies. The fall of one was a portent. Its going, and why, and the replacement, were marked on the family annals.

'Twas Aunt Betsy and the trees had put upon Mark a trust about Gilham land. Aunt Betsy's son, red Matthew Gilham, was forty when she died, and a twisted, unsightly man, born with a crippled leg, a bachelor whom no woman was likely to desire. Mark, then, would be the Gilham heir. All his life had been shaped toward that. Aunt Betsy had sent him off to school to fit him to help Matt handle the thousands of acres that were some day to be Mark's own for his pride and his tending.

And now all that purpose of living had been swept away. If it had been just Mark's bad fortune that he was no longer heir to Gilham land, he could have borne it; but that it should pass to hands that despised the earth and its fruits, hands that didn't care as his hands cared—that bored through Mark ever and again with relentless cruelty of realization.

It was a Sunday afternoon. All over Gilham acres man and beast rested. Young Mark and his pretty wife had walked down from their cottage to look at the locusts. They sat on a buttress to the old stone gates at the opening of the avenue. Mark's eyes were on the glory of bloom; but whenever an occasional breeze carried murmurs of merrymaking down from the house, merrymaking so ribald, so wanton, that it shattered the Sunday peace and fairness, his lean Indian-brown face would wince and deep red would run over his cheeks and neck.

"I wish," said Dorothy, his wife, with the fierceness of gentle women, "that Matt would come riding down the road this minute on his sorrel! He ought to catch her just once at a time like this!"

Two years it was now since Matthew Gilham had brought home a bride from the city, a woman redolent of evil. A vilely beautiful woman was Clara Gilham, with no notions of fidelity to the man she had married for his wealth, but with a druglike effect upon him. Loon-crazy he was about her still, never once seeming to see how she despised him!

Because when Matt was at home she behaved herself. It was only when he was away, as he was now—in Jefferson City on government business—that she entertained her friends from St. Louis in the fashion now going on up at the big house. They drove down in brilliant, powerful automobiles, these friends, and made merry all day and far into the night in the square, high-ceilinged rooms.

Matt must have known that they came, but he couldn't

Pictures by
LESLIE BENSON

THE revelry at the big house lasted far into the night.

have known how they carried on. He couldn't—because he would have turned the woman back into the streets from which he had taken her. A red Gilham, he had an insane streak of rage in his make-up, and an invalid's, a cripple's jealousy of his personal dignity.

"EVER since a Gilham first came over the mountains in the trail of Daniel Boone," said Mark, brooding over all these things, "this has been Gilham land. From Gilham owner to Gilham heir the farm has passed. Gilham mothers have been all kinds: strong women of the soil; delicate, high-born ladies. But never before—"

"Mark—she'll never mother a Gilham; and—surely your cousin wouldn't give her all the land, not all of it, when you've loved it so well and worked so hard to make it prosper!"

"Child, child!" Mark said. "He bought himself a woman, and the Gilham land is the price he paid. She gets it all—at his death. That, you see, is what she gambles on—his death. To see a Gilham, your own blood, so tricked and betrayed!"

He turned away; he spat upon the gravel drive.

"Mark," begged Dorothy, "come away! You're young and strong and educated. You could get a new start somewhere. I don't mind being poor. Come away tomorrow—now!"

Mark cupped her chin in one of his hands and hushed her with a kiss. "Honey!" he said tenderly. "I can't go away."

"Mark, Mark! Such a queer loyalty that holds you here!"

Mark went and stood under the nearest tree, a great old thing that had grown up in twin trunks. His hands caressed the ridged bark.

"I've got it all mixed up in my mind," he said, smiling in faint apology, "about the trees and my duty and my wishings."

At that there was a hum on the road behind them, a whirring of wheels in loose gravel. Another car turned up the drive, a long, smoke-hued roadster with bright metal trim. Alone in it rode a man with a strong, rather handsome face, weakened by a loose, sensual mouth. He spoke to Mark with insolent amiability. Mark nodded, glowering.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE WINDOW OF GUILT
Continued from page forty-three]

"Name's Colburn," he said briefly to a question from Dorothy.

But there was more. This Colburn was Clara Gilham's lover. She had belonged to him before Matt had married her. She belonged to him now more than she would ever belong to Matt. Conceivably some day, when Matt was dead, Colburn might call himself master here.

The revelry at the big house lasted far into the night. When morning dawned, tragedy came with it. Mark's first warning was the lamenting whicker of a horse.

"Sounds like Gideon!" he said, starting up from the breakfast table.

It was Gideon, Matt's great red horse. He was loose in the yard of the big house, still with his saddle on. Even from a distance his sorrel coat showed dull and spattered, as if he'd been out all night. His tail was draggled. His whicker was a protest against a vigil too long extended. Matt must be at home; but how had he come and why had Gideon not been stabled?

Then Mark saw Jonas, the old darky in charge of the horses, coming out in futile attempt to catch the sorrel, and he went to help him. Jonas had a tale to tell. He had heard Gideon nicker, had risen to investigate, and had found Gideon's master unconscious on the steps of his house before a barred front door.

A night express stopped at the near-by town of Melford on signal at eleven. Matt must have come home on that. He had, as usual, left Gideon in town to ride out home on, knowing he looked the man and master only on his horse. Eleven! The company had still been present. But Jonas said not. Only one car was left then.

"Hm," said Mark.

"Nobuddy knowed when Mist' Matt come," said Jonas, "'cause nobuddy let him in. He must 'a' fell off his hoss. Soon ez I found him dis mohnin', I rung de bell to call de missus. I had to ring a couple o' times to rouse her. When she did unbah de doah and she see Mist' Matt, she let out a screech lak she was goin' to faint, too, but she didn't. Between us we drug him inside and up to his bed."

"Was he hurt, Jonas? Had he been struck?"

"No, sah! He wasn't even drunk—jes sick. Soht o' shivered and groaned, but he ain' nevah come to whilst I was round. De missus called Dr. Towner from town. But you'd bettah go see foh yohself, Mist' Mark. I'll put up Gideon. De missus is right smaht scared about somethin'."

MARK entered the house by the back door; and though by now a darky woman was stirring in the kitchen, the place seemed chill and empty. Somebody had set the mahogany furniture in order in parlor and dining room; but the odor of debauchery still clung.

"It's you, Mark?" said the doctor suddenly from the stairway. "Glad you're here. Siney, hurry with that ice! Come on up, Mark, will you?"

Upstairs, in a broad walnut bedstead, Matthew Gilham lay in muttering delirium, and the evil woman who was his wife waited beside him. She was wearing those satin pyjamas she affected about the house. The trousers were black, but the jacket was Chinese red with flashes of gold embroidery. The daring costume was ordinarily most becoming to Clara Gilham's dark beauty. This morning, however, her skin had a pasty hue. Her black hair was dull. There were shadows under her eyes that had not been painted there. Looking on helplessly at her tossing, mumbling husband, from time to time she shivered.

Mark and Clara Gilham faced each other. The woman's countenance quickened with venom. She hated Mark because never had he given a sign of yielding to her blandishments.

"Yokel!" said her clouded dark eyes, trying to stay bold and hard, but crossed with a shadow of guilt or fear, Mark couldn't be sure which.

His clear, deep eyes blinked back at her noncommittally.

"Mark," said the doctor, busy with ice bags, "I've ordered nurses from St. Louis, but they won't be here until afternoon. Meantime will you take charge?"

"Is that necessary?" interrupted Clara. "I'm sure that I—"

"You go to bed!" said the doctor brusquely, standing up straight. "You look as if you'd been out all night yourself. This is a ticklish business."

"He is my husband!" Spots of red stained Clara's pallor.

"He is my patient," said the doctor, "and a desperately sick man. You can't handle him in delirium. Keep out of the room. Keep others away—"

Mark was amazed. He had never heard Towner curt to a woman before. Clara flared and tossed her head; but she left. Mark watched with grudging appreciation her movement from the room. She swayed as she walked, the scarlet jacket swinging out from her hips.

"It's pneumonia," sighed the doctor. "His fever is—I hate to tell you. Now listen, Mark. I've got to go—Mark, are you listening?"

Mechanically Mark heeded the doctor's instructions; but the chill depression of foreknowledge was sinking momently more heavily on his heart.

Matthew Gilham died at sundown of the third day. Only once had he regained consciousness. He had called for Mark; but Mark was out in the corn. The nurse summoned Clara. One glimpse of her at his bedside had sent Matt back into his worst delirium.

THEY buried Matthaw Gilham. Later, in the parlor with its high windows and bright chandelier and its mahogany furniture, Matthew's will was read.

It left the vast estate to Clara Gilham. There was a present of money for Mark, enough to pay for a scrap of land in other parts; but the Gilham acres were Clara's, every one, while she lived—though only while she lived. At her death they must pass intact to the nearest Gilham heir. That, as things stood now, was Mark.

The naming of the conditions was precise, unyielding. Clara Gilham gave a little start at one twist in the phrasing, and suddenly, as a shade roller snapped its spring and the curtain shot without warning and with a loud noise to the top of the window, she fainted. It happened to be a window near the corner of the room. Mark remembered noting at the time how a branch of one of the trees hung low across it, scraping at the panes.

In the ensuing confusion he left the house. His brown cheeks burned. His eyes shone. "Old trees!" he said, his hand tender on the seamed bark of a locust. "Old trees!" The place would come to him, after all. It would be his some day, his!

To him, muttering there, came Dorothy presently, tears of pity in her sweet blue eyes. She put her arms around one of his and clung to him and said, "Dearest, now you'll come away, won't you?"

"Now? Now I'll never leave!"

"Oh, Mark!" Dorothy scanned her husband's uplifted face. "Mark, is it possible that you—don't know—"

"Don't know—what?"

"Mark, listen to me! Clara Gilham is expecting a child. Mark! I said, Clara Gilham is going to have a baby!"

"What?" said Mark. "What?"

She had to tell him again and again. She knew, because she had been at the big house a great deal lately. The Negroes knew. Everybody knew but Mark.

"Matt knew?" said Mark dully, at last.

Dorothy wrung her hands over his bewilderment.

"Perhaps. The will didn't come out and mention the child; but he left you money so that you could go away."

Mark brushed aside her renewed suggestion of leaving.

"How long," he said, "has—this been true?"

"Dear boy, I don't know."

Mark's brain buzzed on. It was early in the new year that Colburn first came back to Clara. He remembered there had been a thaw and he had helped pull the roadster out of a mudhole near Joachim Creek. The handsome man, with his easy insolence, his assurance, the crooked look in his eyes that matched hers! Mated, those two, if he had ever seen mates! He knew—Matt had known before he died.

Mark raised his head. He stepped forward and staggered as if he were drunk.

"Mark!" wailed Dorothy. "Oh—what is it now?"

He tried to tell her his knowledge, a knowledge cold

and certain in his heart, as cold and certain as had been his knowing that Matt would never rise from his sick bed. How Matt had cursed her, Clara, at the end!

"Mark," warned Dorothy, "you're only guessing—hoping, praying—but you couldn't prove it. Whoever the child's father really is, he will be born Matthew Gilham's legal son and his heir. That's all that matters."

All that mattered! Could Mark ever make clear the hold Gilham land had on him? And the bastard son of a city crook would hold this—all this—some day!

"Why can't I prove it?" he sobbed. "There must be a way. I know I'm right. It has come to me—I know! God!"

For two days he was like a driven madman, working all over the place as if it were his last chance on earth to get things done. Sunday he was summoned to the big house.

Clara Gilham received him formally in the parlor. The day was warm, a sultry, heavy storm breeder; and the black crape she wore was thin, very thin over arms and bosom. Flesh tones were more noticeable than if her skin had been bare.

"Have a chair!" Today a wave of her hand called Mark a yokel.

Deliberately Mark dropped into a chair, all awkward angles, his long hands dangling out of his sleeves, his long legs sprawling over the velvet carpet. But his eyes, though veiled, studied Clara Gilham intently. So had he, as a child, studied the movements of a snake in the tall grass.

The woman wasn't well. He could see that now. But he saw something more—a haunted shadow in her eyes that had flickered there first on the day when Matt fell ill. She wasn't well, physically or spiritually; and, seen so, she wasn't handsome. What gave the woman her power? It was the tropical, passionate essence of her—blue-black hair, satin-smooth; carmine lips against a skin pale ivory but warm; a full throat—

"I called you," she said in a would-be grand-lady manner, "to discuss certain changes I want made on the place."

"You figuring on staying here?" asked Mark warily. He had been sure she would return to the city, despising the country as she did.

Matthew Gilham had brought home a bride from the city, a woman redolent of evil.

AN ivory hand in the black-crape lap moved, hardly enough to be called fidgeting. The black, slightly almond-shaped eyes considered Mark narrowly.

"For the present," she said; and again, abruptly, the boldness of her eyes was undermined by that suspicion-of-fear shadow.

Hot fire ran through Mark's cold knowledge. It may have been unbecoming in a man to fight a woman. But she was not a woman. She was evil—all the evil in the world—and shrewd and calculating. She would live on here until her child was born, play-act as she was doing now until afterward, so there'd be no questions asked and the inheritance would be hers forever. Whereas, if all had been fair and true, if she were waiting for Matthew's child, she wouldn't need to be so careful. Mark's heart smoldered.

"First," she said, "I want those large trees taken down out in front. Every one!" Her voice shook with passion. "They're old! They're ugly! They make the place damp and dark. I hate them!" She bit her lip, and when she spoke again she had subdued the mounting shrillness of her tones. "We will replace them with shrubs."

Mark's reply to her outburst was cold and precise and clear:

"You can't cut down the Gilham locusts!"

She laughed.

"Why can't I?"

She laughed again, but he caught a quiver of her full chin.

"They're part of the place," said Mark. "They belong. They've always been here. It would be—disastrous to touch them."

THERE was a soft scratching at one of the windows, that corner window, the one where the shade had popped up when Judge Kennett had read the will. It was only the low branch of the tree outside sweeping against the glass panes, but it sounded for the world like someone asking to be let in. She heard it, too, and just as suddenly her self-control snapped.

"I won't have them!" she screamed. "I won't have them all around us, everywhere I turn, watching me, haunting me! I hate them, I tell you! I've always hated them, and now I want them destroyed, cut down, all of them—today!"

"It's Sunday," Mark reminded her, dazed by her fury; "and, anyhow—"

"Sunday!" she screamed, her hands all fists and claws. "Sunday! What difference does that make? And what's it to you if I want to cut down every damn' sacred tree on the landscape? I'll not sleep another night with them around me." From her clutching hands you understood that she felt closed in.

"What's it to you?" she cried again; and then she saw how she betrayed herself. "I order you to cut down those trees," she said more calmly. "Do you dare to disobey me?"

"Yes," said Mark, "even if it means that I must leave—"

"Well, it means just that. I can't have a superintendent who will not take my orders!"

"I'll go then," said Mark. "But I warn you—don't touch the trees!"

He left by the front door, exalted rather than depressed in mood. He studied the line of trees fronting the house, especially the one near the corner whose low branches scraped the window. He wrinkled his brow; he rubbed his head. There was something about that tree!

When he told Dorothy the outcome of the interview, she began at once, in her methodical way, to list their personal belongings preparatory to packing for a move. Mark, idly amused, let her bustle about. Something was brewing now, something besides the storm that the sultry day must bring forth—some crisis. It was the trees or him to go, she had said. No! The trees or her!

In mid-afternoon he was reading an agricultural journal, not, as Dorothy hoped, with an idea of finding a likely opportunity for settling elsewhere, when the blows of an ax, followed by the rasp of a saw, broke like blasphemy on the Sunday quiet.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE WINDOW OF GUILT
Continued from page forty-five]

Mark was on his feet with the lightning swiftness of a striking snake. She had done it! She had dared to attack the trees!

Two Negroes were doing the work for her. Mark didn't blame them. A small offer of money would look huge to them. That didn't matter. The tree was all. It was that fine old fellow at the corner, the one that scraped the parlor window. The darkies had made an opening with axes and were finishing with a crosscut saw. Mark all but burst his heart, running. His cry of fury and warning as he ran was hoarse, breathless. He thought they'd have the tree down before he could get his hands on them, make himself heard above the whine of the saw.

When he reached the spot, he seized the strong Negroes by their shoulders and hurled them away as if they had been children. His lashing words sent them back another twenty paces. From a shuddering group of servants and hired hands, who had gathered to watch the fearsome spectacle, a gasp went up—of relief or admiration. Old black Siney, the cook, was on her knees, bawling out prayers. Timidly old Jonas came forward to help Mark.

"I tole 'em, boss," he said. "I tole 'em!"

"Boss!" The first time an old hand had given him the title! Tenderly, with Jonas' aid, Mark drew out the saw blade as a knife from a mortal wound.

"Boss," sighed Jonas, trembling with awe, "he's a goner!"

"No!" Fiercely Mark put down a sob in his throat. "No! We'll brace it, and I'll have a forestry expert out as soon as I can get one here!"

He didn't stop to question his right or his ability to save the tree. He spoke with authority, master by inspiration if not by law. When a movement in the circle of watchers called his attention to the house and he saw Clara Gilham at the parlor window, he faced her with the same assumption of power. She was white and her eyes were blazing, but his eyes blazed as madly. She opened her mouth to speak, but no words came.

"Honey!" he said tenderly. "I can't go away."

THEY faced each other perhaps two minutes. It seemed an hour. No word was spoken save by their eyes. And only Clara Gilham, with her knowledge of treachery, and Mark, with dark accusations in his heart, knew what the eyes said.

It was Clara who turned away. She turned with a flirt of her shoulders and a toss of her head; but she left the window. Weakly Mark leaned against the house.

"Boss," comforted old Jonas, "he'll stand if we don't get a high wind."

"High wind—high wind!" Mark heard him dully, still seeing the woman in the window. She had gone back this afternoon to her black satin pyjamas with the flaunting scarlet jacket. How little, how unmanning, how useless to fight a woman! Was anything in life worth it?

And at night the high wind came. The sultry day fulfilled its promise with a gale. Lightning flashed and thunder rumbled; and the wind was like an express train as it tore through woodlands and swooped down on Gilham land.

Mark sat on the edge of a couch in his cottage, his hands helpless between his knees, his eyes staring. Every pull of the wind tore sinews apart in his chest.

"Listen!" he said. "Listen!"

After an eternity of waiting came the crash. Mark's face went white.

"That's all," he said hollowly to his wife. "That ends it."

But he was wrong. In the morning, a cold, gray morning, like to make one forget that spring had ever been near, he went with Dorothy up to the big house to say that he was leaving—forever. He tried not to see the ruined mass of the fallen tree, but it was all he saw after he stepped from his door. It was still before him as he addressed himself to Siney, preparing breakfast in the kitchen.

"Will you tell Mrs. Gilham that I want to speak to her?" he said to Siney in the kitchen.

"She ain' up yet, boss," said Siney. "I ain' heard a squeak."

"She must be up," said Mark impatiently. "Go and see!"

Siney sighed and dragged her way upstairs. She came down wall-eyed.

SLOWLY, by this sign and by that, it developed that Clara Gilham had gone away. Mark thought of her lover, Colburn. Desperate with fear of whatever she feared, she must have sacrificed everything to flee to him. With him it must have been, for she had used no Gilham conveyance or ordered no car from town. She couldn't have walked. He must have come for her in his car in the night.

It seemed clear that she must have fled, and yet, Mark couldn't be easy believing it.

Thoughtfully he walked to the corner window of the parlor and looked out on the fallen tree. He found he could look at it now. How she had hated that tree! All the trees, all the Gilham farmstead, in fact, save for the gold it earned; but in the end that tree most of all. She had hated the tree and feared it, its branches sweep-sweeping across the window. She had wanted the tree destroyed. Now there it lay— Suddenly Mark's head went up with a jerk. He thought—he knew that under the mass of leafy branches he saw a flare of scarlet satin.

And he was right. No earthly trees would trouble Clara Gilham more. No trees, or ghosts in trees, not even the ghost of a vengeful husband peering in to watch her in her lover's arms. She had wanted the tree destroyed? When no one else would do her bidding, she had taken a weapon into her own hands. Mark sent Dorothy back to their cottage. He called for help. The tree was lifted from the broken body of Clara Gilham. Her dead fingers clutched still the handle of an ax. Impotent weapon in the hands of impotent mortal! In the wrath of the storm her blows could scarcely have been heard. The gale, the weakened tree, had all been against her.

"Old trees!" said Mark solemnly. "Old trees!"

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Just Like a Woman

Dick was being reprimanded for telling his little sister to "go sit on a tack." "But you don't have to worry, mother," he said. "She never does anything I tell her to do."—R. A. Harbach, Route 4, Box 8m, Stockton, Calif.

* * *

Miss Information

Betty was in the store when a man with a dog came in. The man purchased what he wished, then went out, but the dog stayed in the store. Betty then said to the dog, "Doggie, don't you know your father went home?"—Miss Eva Hopkins, 129 N. Monroe, Green Bay, Wis.

SMELL PLENTY for DANDRUFF.
TRY OUR SAND AND CABBAGE for FALLING HAIR.
WHATA MAN!
SAY, I WENT AT HIM WITH RIGHTS AN' LEFTS! I HAD HIM DIZZY!
NO FOOLIN?
DEY WAS ONCE DEMPSEY AN' FIRPO, BUT THIS GUY IS DA BOFE OF EM!
I'LL BET THAT MUG HAS A CEMETARY IN HIS BACK YARD!
A YELL,- WHAT?
BERT GREEN

I broke loose with a terrific round house right an he folded up in the alley.

An Optical Delusion

A Little Family Quarrel Enters into the Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

(Reading time: 7 minutes.)

New York.

DEAR MARG,

Listen here Kid, who the heck do you think you are to be puttin the rap in about my relations? Everytime I get a line from you its fulla war news. I guess after you glom this letter though, youll quit panin *my* family for good.

The other day I hauls hips over to Tonys barber shop to get the hedge knocked offer the chin. Well, while I'm doin a Rip Van Winkle in the barber chair under a mess of hot towels, somebody wakes me up gigglin.

Give a look! Give a look! says the barber nudgin me.

I raises the edge of the laundry an what do I see but *your old man* standin in the middle of the floor with a lovely *black eye!* Sister, it was a honey.

Wheres Tony? whispers your old gent to the nearest barber.

The lather pusher took a slant at the little runt an said, Whats a matter for you?—You picka fight with tough guy?

Nix, nix, he grunted tryin to slough the question. Wheres Tony?

Just then the big jig bootblack butts in. The dinge took one peek at the black headlamp an bust out laffin.

My gawd where you all bin? Seems lak somebody slapped you on the kisser wid a shovel.

Can that stuff! growled the old gent. What the hell do you think this is, a comedy?

He was tryin to conseal his feelings. This made the spaghetti guzzlers push in closer to get a better look at the optic. As they did so, Tony the head man eased into the shop.

Say Tony, squarks your old man grabbin him and pointin to the bum lamp, paint this thing up will you so as it wont look so bad? I gotta meet the boss.

Tony gave one look at the thing an had to bust out roarin himself. In fact the whole works were laffin an kiddin him by now.

If you eggs heard the *real story* about what happened, he says climbin into a chair, youd lay off jokin!

I suppose youre goin to pull the old gag about walkin into an open door? chirps a hair cutter.

Thats what they all say! tossed in another wop.

Shut up, you guys! he yells burnin up.

By this time the massage emporium was a riot.

Tony began applyin a barrage of hot towels, lotions, massage cream, grease paints and everythin loose around the room. The more he seemed to fuss with the thing, the bigger the eye got. I guess it musta taken the boss a coupla hours to get the peeper somewhat fixed up. Finally, when the little guy bounced outer the chair he looked pretty good except for the dignified pan he was

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

tryin to put on. This together with the touched up peeper made him a wow to look at. As he was just about to scram out, the front man put the pump on by askin him to come thru with the *real story.*

Well I'll tell you, he began. Last night me an the wife went up to the Brother-in-laws to crash a bit of a party. Well, we had a pretty good time. Along about 3 Ayem the wife decided we better traipse home as the party was gettin a bit rough. As we're goin out the door it starts rainin terrible. I hails a taxi.

Well, when we get to the house, the wife gets outer the cab first, while I stay back to pay the driver. All of a sudden I hears a hell of a yell! I looks around quick,—like this, and glory be to heaven what do I see but a great big *yegg.* The crook has the wife around the neck by one hand an is boppin her over the head.

Good night, chirped the gang smilin, what did *you* do?

What did I *do?* yelled the midget stickin out his chest. I gave one jump—clipped him on the chin, and he did a loop in the gutter. Right away he jumps up—lets out a yell and comes at me, like this, with rights an lefts. Oh what a riot! I'm tellin you guys, for fifteen minutes we're bobbin an weavin somethin awful. Right when the bout is in full swing, I see the wife takin it on the heel for a cop. At that moment just as I have the big goof measured for the count, he unlocks a haymaker an lands it square on me *eye.* Well, did I sale into him after that?—I gave him *this,* an *that!* No foolin, I made him look like a punk. Finally, when I had him good an groggy I broke loose with a terrific round house right an he folded up in the alley. That's all they is to it!

Brother, *youre good!* laughs the 8 ball from the shoe shine department.

No kiddin, its the *truth!* yells your old man tryin to make the out.

Every once in a while she'd bust out in a rage.

AT that moment in steps Poil the manicurist. She took one look at the shiny glim an had to laf too.

F'heavens sake, what on earth happened to your eye, Mr. Doyle?

Oh nothin, he replies tryin to check his body out. I just got thru tellin the gang all about it.

Well, you didnt tell *me!* says Poil leadin him over to her table for a manicure. The next thing he knew, she had him tellin her the gag all over again.

Gosh, youre brave! she told him pettin his hand.

By this time the gang in the beauty parlor got an earful an your old gent was kidded foolish.

Well Marg, about three bells in the afternoon a great big dame what looked like the Akeron enters the beauty parlor. Oh, what a lotta woman! Yes, an *who do you suppose it was?* Your MOTHER!

I'd like to get me wig set, she says to one of the dames. These strings are driven me goofy!

As your mother was led into the next room who runs into her but Poil, the celluloid pollisher. Why hello Mrs. Doyle, says Poil, how *are* you?—By the way, who do you think was here this morning?

Cant imagine.

Why, *your husband!*

My husband? What the hell was *he* doin in *here?*

Oh, he was tellin us all how he saved *your* life an everythin. Gee, it musta been wonderful.

Saved *my life?* she roared pullin herself up like the Rock of Jibraltar. Why the dirty little lier. He couldnt even save a canary boid from drownin! If you want to know what happened, I'll tell you.

The shop was *all ears.*

THIS mornin, begins your mother, I wasnt feelin so hot. You see the doctor has had me on a very strict diet. Me ulsters has been cuttin up awful lately. I says to Tim, I says, I'm gonna stay in bed this mornin. You get up an fry me a dozen eggs! What for? he says. I aint no cook. I have enough trouble fightin the world without fryin eggs! Oh, is that *so?* I tells him. You fry them eggs d'understand, an fry em *now!* Fry em yourself, he hollers. Whatye think I am,—a sheff? Well, one woid borrowed another, d'understand, an the foist thing I know I hops outa bed an slips him a slight *tap on the eye!* Thats all they is to it.

I wish you coulda seen your old lady sittin in the torture chair tellin that story Marg, while she had her hair in the pipes. Oh she was fit to be tied! Every once in a while she'd bust out in a rage.

Well, about two hours later when she was just about to leave, who blows in the joint but her HUSBAND!!

Wheres my umbrella? he goes off to the bootblack gunnin the place. Its rainin,—I need it!

As he turns around, he bumps plum into the missus.

Why hello dearie! he squeaks, as the enemy takes him by surprise.

Dont you *dearie me,* you eel! she roars.

But sweetheart,—listen!

Sweetheart nothin! you come with me, you wretch, I got somethin I wanna tell you!

Well Marg, as the door slammed behind the two of em the shop was a riot. I thought the barber in the end chair was goin to pass out roarin. As for the jig, he fell in the red hot towel cooker screamin.

Thats a giggle for you, says Poil to the bunch between gasps. Thats got a Mack Sennett stopped.

I guess for fifteen minutes the shop was on the bum.

Then all of a sudden when things were quiet who comes sneakin back in the doorway but the little runt,—YOUR FATHER! Oh, an was he lumped up?

Hey Tony he yells. Fix up the *other* eye will you?

I guess that will tie you for a while Marg, when it comes to relations.

Wishin you the same,

MIKE SHEA.

Another letter from Mike will appear in an early issue.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the capital of Delaware?
2—What constitutes the Occident?
3—What is a prophylactic?
4—What is the first sign of the zodiac?
5—What mountains lie between France and Spain?
6—What kind of creature is a widgeon?
7—What is a barcarole?
8—What does *en rapport* mean?
9—What was the Latin name of Wales?
10—What is a pundit?
11—What is a native of the Isle of Man called?
12—Where is the University of Tennessee?
13—What god is represented as wearing winged sandals?
14—What does froward mean?
15—Who was the runaway slave in Æsop's fables who befriended a lion?
16—What is the official name of Brazil?
17—Who wrote Monsieur Beaucaire?
18—What is the Parliament of Norway called?
19—What is photophobia?
20—In what country is Mount Parnassus?

(Answers will appear in next week's issue)

Christmas Scenes Make Home Life Pictures!

Enter Yours in Liberty's

$5,000 CASH PRIZE

Home Life Snapshot Contest

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE	
First Prize (Every Week)	$100
10 Second Prizes (Every Week) Each $10	100
40 Third Prizes (Every Week) Each $5	200
51 Prizes Weekly	$400
TOTAL FOR 10 WEEKS:	$4,000
Extra, Grand Prize for best snapshot of entire contest	$1,000
TOTAL PRIZES	$5,000

HERE'S another chance to develop a snapshot into $1,100 in cash awards! Each week during this contest Liberty will pay $100 for the best home life snapshot, as well as the fifty other prizes listed in the cash prize schedule above. In addition, a $1,000 Grand Prize awaits some contestant at the close of the ten weeks of competition. If you win the $100 prize this week you have an excellent chance of receiving this grand award prize when the final award is made.

If you have not entered snapshots in the previous weeks, by all means enter this week and each succeeding week until the contest closes. Now, of all the year, is an ideal time to make snapshots which capture the home spirit. It is a time when your home takes on a sparkling personality of its own. It is a time when all members of the family are together. Take advantage of it!

Perhaps you have a new Christmas camera. Maybe your equipment is ancient but tried and true. Whichever it is, get it out, center a prize-winning home life scene in the finder, and snap the shutter. Then enter the print according to the brief instruction in the rules.

Here is a contest that offers you the widest possible opportunity to score handsomely. You need no special knowledge or experience of any sort. You need not be an artist, an expert at language, or gifted with any unusual cleverness to win these cash prizes. The men who made your camera took care of the technical skill for you. All you need to do is snap a picture in or about your home that captures the atmosphere of the place where you live. Do it now!

To paraphrase, "Home is where the hearth is." Certainly you won't deny there's a Santa Claus if a Yuletide snapshot earns you a handsome cash prize.

CONTEST RULES

1—Each week for ten weeks LIBERTY will award $400 in cash prizes for the best home life photographs submitted by non-professional photographers.

2—Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except professional photographers, employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

3—There is no restriction as regards size of prints to be submitted. Enlargements are permissible, but in the case of enlargements the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached.

4—Photographs need not be taken specifically for this contest, but they must be taken on or after November 19, 1931, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you automatically agree that in case of a photograph submitted by you being considered for a prize you will, upon request supply LIBERTY Weekly with the negative from which the print was made. Such negatives will be returned if so desired.

5—Submit as many prints as you wish. Write full name and address on the back of each. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of LIBERTY Weekly for reproduction wherever desired.

6—The first week's contest closed at 12 noon, Saturday, December 5, and succeeding contests will close at noon each Saturday following until February 6, the closing date of the final contest.

7—Quality of photography does not count, except that any photograph, to be awarded a prize must be of sufficient clearness, in the opinion of the judges, to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. Judging on that basis, each week of this contest series the person sending in the best snapshot will receive the first prize of $100, etc., as per the prize schedule appearing elsewhere on this page. In addition, a grand prize of $1,000 will be awarded to the best photograph submitted during the entire ten weeks of the contest series.

8—Announcement of winners of each contest will be published in the earliest issue of Liberty consistent with careful judging.

9—Address all entries to Home Life Contest, LIBERTY Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York City.

YOU CAN WIN EACH WEEK—SEE NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY!

Education

Back to Paris—My Quest of New Horizons—An Exiled Multitude—Mother and Son

(Reading time: 30 minutes 35 seconds.)

PART SEVEN—CONCLUSION

IN spite of the sad hours spent with Princess Paley and all they brought back in the way of painful remembrances, Paris appeared to me this time in a much more congenial light. My nature was beginning to overcome the indifference into which I had been plunged since my father's death. Unconsciously I longed for activity, and in London there was decidedly no outlet for my returning moral forces. In Paris I came to the conclusion that the life I led in London furthered my apathy. London seemed standing still, unable to find a way out of the situation the war had left it in. Paris was different.

In London, as long as the money lasted, I would have vegetated pleasantly beneath a very thinly gilded surface. This would have amounted almost to living under false pretenses, and I did not want such life; I preferred the open and the risks connected with an altogether changed existence. The first step in this direction was resolutely to cut down superfluous expenses.

The thought then came to me of moving to Paris, yet I do not know if I would have done so had not an apartment been offered me at the right moment. This apartment was of convenient size, just four rooms, and agreeably situated. It belonged to a friend who had had it before the war and wanted to give it up, preferably to someone he knew. I took it. We returned to London to give up our spacious but uncomfortable *palazzo* in South Kensington, and in summer we left England definitely. A few months later Dmitri followed our example, but he went to live by himself at an hotel.

Princess Paley, who was spending the summer in Switzerland with my stepsisters, also decided to settle down in Paris. The house at Boulogne had now to be sold, as it was far too large for her and the girls and, besides, there was an accumulation of debts on the property. By selling it my stepmother could hope to realize, even after the charges had been paid off, a small capital on which she and the children could live. The attention she had to give these matters brought her out of her torpor, and eventually she proved herself to be a much sounder business woman than any of us.

Coming to Paris in the autumn of 1921, she at first settled down in an apartment. My stepsisters were made to go to school, which they did with great reluctance, realizing, nevertheless, that their education was too meager to suffice them in the future. But it was difficult for them, after what they had been through, to go back to the schoolroom. When I had left them in 1918 they had been small children; now they were grown up completely, and the difference was especially noticeable in Irene, the elder. She had always been a pensive, highly strung child, and the anxieties of the revolution, her father's sufferings and death, the death of her brother, had made an impression upon her soul that nothing could obliterate. Her younger sister Natasha was of a more resilient nature and accepted the unavoidable with greater ease.

Both sisters, however, had been so fundamentally shaken by all that had happened that for a long time it was difficult for them to find an adjustment. They had retired so profoundly within themselves, especially Irene, who in her turn influenced her sister, that they seemed to be in a state of internal revolt against the entire world. They shunned people and fled even from old acquaintances. I tried at different times to bring them out of this almost morbid condition, but with no success. In due time, however, they grew out of this attitude; they began to enjoy life like any other young creatures of their age, but they never lost their earnestness and have kept deep down in their eyes an expression of wistfulness which nothing will ever take away entirely.

Eventually, when her affairs were settled, Princess Paley bought a small house in the Rue de la Faisanderie, not far from the Bois de Boulogne, in which she spent the last years of her life surrounded by the photographs and few souvenirs she could collect in the old Boulogne house. Her energy, though, was still astounding; her interests

In EXILE

By MARIE
Grand Duchess of Russia

Pictures by B. LATHAM KIDDER

I SAID in English, "What do you want me to call you, sir?" "Why, 'father,' of course," said the king, and added, "on the condition that you yourself do not mind doing so."

and those of her children she defended with persistence and tenacity, clinging to the few possessions which still remained to her.

I had moved to Paris in the illusion that immediately upon my arrival a new life was going to open up in front of me. I had been mistaken; here, too, I found certain difficulties in adapting myself. But our new home was much better suited to our present situation in life than the big house in London.

In the autumn I found a position in a bank for my husband, and as he was absent during most of the day I was very much by myself. The bedroom and drawing-room of the apartment looked out upon the quiet Rue de Courcelles, and in these two rooms I spent my days. In the bedroom I had installed a cutting table and a sewing machine, as I still was making my own dresses and even took in orders; in the drawing-room I sat with my handwork. Bent over endless hemstitching, I thought and thought. Weeks, months passed in this way.

We went out very little and saw almost exclusively Russians, Russians of our own class. The atmosphere which settled down around us had nothing to do with the people or the interests of the country we were living in; we led an existence apart. We were morally self-sufficient and rather arrogant in the narrowness of our minds. But apart from this, among those we saw there were none who had not lost several members of their families in the turmoil and had not been themselves at a hair's breadth from death. Most of them had suffered materially more than I had, but losses were never discussed or even alluded to in our midst, and we never told one another the harrowing tales of our escapes from Russia. Everyone tried to make the best of his present situation and the situation itself was made easier by the fact that it affected us all equally. No one was hysterical, no one complained. We managed even to be gay in a detached, inconsequential sort of way.

ALL our conversations still turned around one subject—the past. And speaking of the past we sought for no lessons, but tirelessly and aimlessly went over old ground, seeking whom to blame for what had befallen us. Our future as a whole we could not imagine, while our return to Russia, of which we were then so certain, we pictured only under very definite auspices. We lived side by side with life but were afraid of meeting it. The new problems of the world and its new requirements passed us by. We were falling behind our time, but very few of us noticed it. We began by expecting the change in Russia, first from month to month and then from year to year, and from year to year we drifted farther and farther away from what Russia was becoming without being able to follow or understand the thoroughness of the changes she was undergoing.

But many years have now passed, enough for us to have been replaced by a new generation, a generation which, although it has grown up on foreign soil, still thinks of Russia as of its native land. Some of these young ones do not remember anything of their country, but many have kept vivid, if fleeting, impressions of lofty skies and broad landscapes, of the odor of autumn leaves in the great forests, of the sound of bells from the village church, of the feeling and the smell of home. The war and the revolution for them are history. The old controversies of their parents do not interest them, they are in a new age and it has its new problems for them to solve. They are free of prejudices, full of courage and the daring to seek their own truths, full of a new and healthy idealism of their own.

But going back to our first years of exile:

As in London, I made a few desperate attempts to escape from the state of mental stagnation in which I now found myself, not through my own lack of energy, as the first year, but through the increasing weight of my surroundings. I was unsuccessful at first, but at last the opportunity did present itself, and this time nothing could stop me from taking advantage of it. One day in the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[EDUCATION IN EXILE
Continued from page fifty-one]

winter of 1921, toward the end of the afternoon, I was sitting as usual in my green armchair, bent over my stitching and deep in thought. I was startled by a ring at the front door. The servant handed me a card; on it stood a name which I knew without having met its owner. It belonged to a man, a Russian who was known as a very energetic Red Cross worker and a promoter of various relief organizations for the refugees. I asked him to come in. He sat down in front of me and after the first few conventional phrases had been uttered he started shaming me for what he called my idleness and inertia.

He could not understand that after experience in war work I could be content with sitting still, shut up in my apartment, and that I did nothing to speak of for the refugees. There was nothing I could say in my defense. He pointed out to me the tasks which in his opinion I ought to undertake; they were numerous and interesting enough to fire my imagination immediately. I was easily persuaded to follow his suggestions and set out to work with enthusiasm. This conversation was the origin of my charity activities which I carried on with more or less success for several years. Through these activities my seclusion soon came to an end, my road began to widen again, and as it widened I saw my responsibilities grow and become more important. But in my home this emancipation was met with no sympathy.

The story of these refugees is a unique chapter in the history of the Russian people.

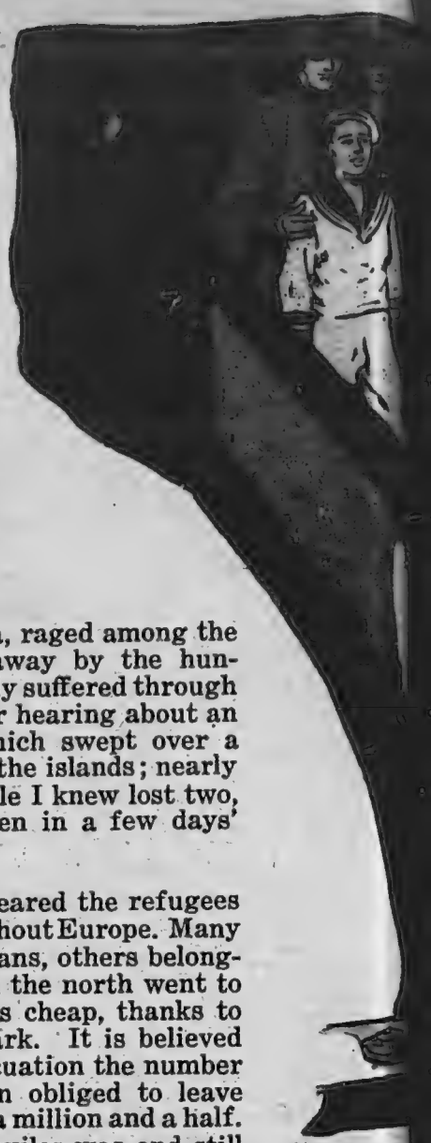
At the end of 1920 the last anti-Bolshevik movement in the south of Russia, led by General Wrangel, was completely defeated, which ended the civil war in Russia. Entire military units, about 60,000 men in all, were evacuated to Gallipoli, whence they were subsequently transferred to the Balkan states, mostly in Serbia. There they settled down, still banded together in units, and in order to earn a living formed regular teams which were employed on railway tracks and road building and work in mines and forests. General Wrangel, whose ascendancy over his troops was tremendous, lived in their midst and held them together only through the magnetism of his own personality. He and his wife led the lives of Spartans, not giving a thought to themselves, supporting and caring for the needs of this little army in exile, keeping up discipline and their *esprit de corps* until they could be normally absorbed by the country which had offered them its hospitality.

The volunteer army consisted of both professional officers, who had been in the field since 1914, and members of the intelligentsia, the lower-class elements being in the minority. The two first categories had an extremely hard time in adapting themselves to the condition of manual laborers and suffered greatly in the process; still, they accepted their lot with extraordinary fortitude.

EVEN now, after all these years, this spirit still persists. I know of a group of men, about eighty in number, all belonging to the same regiment, who have settled down in Paris. They all work as porters and loaders at one of the railway stations and live together in a wooden barrack in the yards. A number of these men are perfectly capable of doing intellectual work, yet they would rather continue this hard existence than break up the unit. The results of their perseverance are noteworthy. By cleverly managing their joint accounts they were able eventually to buy a house in a Parisian suburb which they use as a club and where they have started a Russian military museum. The objects which they have been able to get together form already an important and especially unique collection.

The civilians who were evacuated at the same time as the Wrangel army were landed at Constantinople and later distributed among various camps in the suburbs and the islands of the Princes group. This, however, was not the first arrival of refugees from Russia; the town and its vicinities were overcrowded with more than 300,000 sick, destitute, and miserable human beings. English, French, and especially American organizations did all that was in their power to minister to their needs. The results which were achieved were splendid, yet the calamity had assumed such proportions that to meet all emergencies was almost impossible.

Heartrending tragedies under such circumstances became commonplace occurrences. Families had been torn apart in the haste and disorder of the evacuation, mothers had been separated from their young children, sometimes never to find them again. Of the members of one family, some would have arrived in Constantinople to discover that others had been left behind in Russia to an unknown and usually terrible fate. Epidemics of "Spanish flu," of typhus, of typhoid fever, diphtheria, raged among the refugees, carrying them away by the hundred. The children especially suffered through the conditions. I remember hearing about an epidemic of diphtheria which swept over a camp of refugees on one of the islands; nearly all the children died. People I knew lost two, three, four of their children in a few days' time.



AS Constantinople was cleared the refugees gradually spread throughout Europe. Many of them settled in the Balkans, others belonging to groups coming from the north went to Germany, where living was cheap, thanks to the depreciation of the mark. It is believed that with the Siberian evacuation the number of Russians who had been obliged to leave their country had exceeded a million and a half.

The lot of the Russian exiles was and still remains a tragical one. There is no place at present that they can call home; wherever they settle they are only tolerated, never welcomed. Their competition is feared, and if unemployment strikes a country they are the first to lose the work which it has taken them such infinite pains to procure. In most cases they are unfit for prolonged physical effort, not possessing the strength or training for manual labor, yet they do not have the necessary diplomas to take up intellectual professions in a foreign country.

Of all the problems in the lives of the exiles it is the education of their children which is the hardest. Those of them who have seen better days cannot reconcile themselves to the idea of seeing their children grow up without education; but education is something that the majority of them cannot afford. Foreign institutions have extended help lavishly, and Russian youth owes them a great deal of gratitude, but only a comparatively small number have been able to benefit by this help and many have been obliged to find their own way.

Paris in its turn was invaded by the refugees. Most of those who arrived were in search of work, and in the course of time those who were earnest in their desire to earn a living were successful. There was no fear of unemployment in France; on the contrary, hands were lacking to perform the necessary amount of work. But until they had looked around and could take care of themselves the refugees had to have moral and material support; besides, among them there was always a large percentage of aged and sick individuals who needed special attention. Many organizations were formed for their support which in most cases were directed and run by Russians themselves.

I would lay my needle and crêpe de Chine aside and spend hours sitting on committees, visiting organizations, planning charity performances, selling tickets, begging for money. Around myself I saw nothing but need, such need and sorrow as to make one's blood freeze; it was beyond human power and ingenuity to come to the aid

ri took me by the arm ed me on. They were ing down the gangway.

of all who required it, and this helplessness drove me often to despair.

The work, necessary as it was, was wrought under great difficulties which were detrimental to its success. Sectarianism still played an important part in our relationships, and the revolution had emphasized class suspicion and distrust which exile did not efface. Many of us viewed with fear those who did not belong to us, and they had the same feeling toward us. In my charity work I often encountered this mood. The naïve enmity of the progressive intellectuals toward us, based upon old prejudices and preconceived ideas, rendered a common endeavor almost impossible.

A LIBERAL leader, not to mention a socialist, although both are antagonistic toward the Soviet régime, would not serve on the same committee with a Grand Duchess, nor would anyone have dared to suggest it. I was sought mostly for considerations of material character; I could have been useful in many other ways, but my activity was always limited by considerations of a political nature. All this placed me in a difficult position and I had to behave with great tact.

Even those I tried to help often assumed a curious attitude toward me. As an example I will relate an incident which, although trifling, affected me deeply because it occurred at the beginning of my career, when I still was ridiculously susceptible. In the spring of 1921 I organized a charity sale at a private house belonging to some friends of mine. I could have the use of the house only during certain dates, which happened to coincide with the last days of the Orthodox Passion week. Being very devout, my compatriots, to begin with, were extremely shocked by my choice of the date. The sale was to consist of various articles fabricated by the refugees themselves and which they had no opportunities of showing to the public in any other way. It was to last three days and had, of course, taken time and work to organize, especially as I had no one to help me.

ON the Passion week Thursday I went to church in the morning, as I was going to Communion. The Russian Church taken as an institution had always been one of the supporting pillars of the throne, and for that reason its representatives were now extremely anxious, in order to keep public sympathy, to display a marked indifference toward us. The priests at the Paris church were afraid even of saying Mass for the dead imperial family with the mention of their titles. Having many arrangements to complete before noon at the house of my friends, as the sale was to open in the early afternoon, I was in a hurry to leave church. But the church was crowded with people who had also come for Communion, and I was afraid that if I took my turn in the line I would not be able to get away until too late. I therefore sent to ask the priest if he would let me be one of the first to approach the chalice, explaining the reasons for my request. He consented, and at the right moment dispatched an attendant to help me through the crowd.

A long line had already been formed. As, following my guide, I made my way through the throng, I noticed a few unfriendly glances directed toward me, but when I reached the head of the line I began to hear words of protest, the acrid tones of which were very unsuitable both to the place we were gathered in and especially to the occasion. Although I had felt myself justified in doing so, I could not for a long time forgive myself for having asked for a privilege.

In the meantime, contrary to my expectations, life in Paris, in spite of our modest establishment, proved to be even more expensive than life in London. It was impossible to take part in charity work and not contribute a certain amount oneself; it was impossible to see people who used formerly to live in the same conditions as we had ourselves now starving and not help them. Besides, we were the prey of friends who wanted to start businesses which promised to put them on their feet and which never did; and we were exploited by adventurers who knew how to entrap us into taking part in some enterprise profitable to them alone. A great deal, a very great deal of money went that way.

Thinking that my husband was more capable of looking after money matters than I was, I left it all to him, but his kind-heartedness and inexperience persistently and regularly got the better of him. One piece of jewelry after another was sold; the store which seemed inexhaustible at first diminished with surprising and alarming rapidity; our resources were melting and we had no income. Work and only work could save us now.

By this time I had become particularly anxious to see my son again. He was in his twelfth year, and although I realized the impossibility of having him with me, I longed to reëstablish the contact between him and myself. Besides the fact that I had married again and the

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[EDUCATION IN EXILE
Continued from page fifty-three]

Swedish court did not wish him to meet my husband, my present situation was not suited to the life he was going to lead, and I had nothing to offer him. I knew all this perfectly well, which did not make it easier.

My former father-in-law, King Gustaf of Sweden, had come to Paris on a private visit of a few days, and a meeting was arranged between us, the first one since I had left the country. The chief aim of this interview was to discuss the possibilities of a reunion with my son. I will never forget the kindness the king showed me on that occasion and the delightful way in which he received me. After giving me an affectionate kiss, he began talking to me in Swedish as he had done in former days. The correct form in the Swedish language demands that in conversation, especially with a person older than oneself, the third person, his name or his title, should be used. While I was married to his son I always addressed the king as "father," but after what had taken place I could not think of doing so, and was very much embarrassed. Instead of continuing the conversation, I said in English:

"What do you want me to call you, sir?" laying particular stress on the word "sir."

"Why, 'father,' of course," said the king, and added, "on the condition that you yourself do not mind doing so. You know how fond I was of your father; now you have him no longer it would be a pleasure for me to have you call me as you did him. And I hope you feel the same way."

I was so touched and overcome by his kindness that I could not find a word to express what I felt.

I had at last the opportunity of meeting King Albert.

After such a beginning it was perfectly natural that the results of our conversation were satisfactory. The king gave his consent to a meeting between my son and me. Yet the meeting had to take place on neutral ground; my going to Sweden was out of the question, and the boy could not be sent to Paris. It was therefore later decided that the most convenient place for us to see each other would be Denmark. We both had many relations there, and Dmitri, who wanted to accompany me, and I could stop with the Marlings, who were now at the British Legation in Copenhagen. Lennart would come with his old Swedish nurse and my former equerry Rudebeck and live either at the Marlings' or at the hotel. This arrangement satisfied everyone.

IN the early summer of 1921 Dmitri and I started for Denmark, and I must say that we enjoyed thoroughly almost every minute of this trip. We arrived in Copenhagen ahead of my son so that all the necessary arrangements could be completed beforehand. The day of his arrival Dmitri and I went down to the docks, and I was so overcome with emotion that while the boat from Sweden was nearing the pier I had to steady myself against a wall. On the deck of the steamer a sturdy little figure in sailor clothes was waving to us. How big he seemed to me! Beside him, in her gray suit and little black cap, stood his faithful nurse whose face was so familiar to me. In a flash I saw her moving about the Oakhill nursery, looking at me with her kind old sympathetic eyes; she never said anything, but her behavior in the future showed how much more human and understanding she was than many others.

The boat had docked. Dmitri took me by the arm and led me on. They were coming down the gangway. I embraced my child, and then the old nurse and I kissed and kissed each other, the tears streaming down our faces, while Lennart in the perfect composure of his twelve years was conversing sedately with his uncle. These moments, in spite of their joy, rank among the bitterest in my life.

Lady Marling could not offer her hospitality to all of Lennart's party, and as he was not supposed to be separated from the people he had come with, they were all obliged to go to an hotel. The legation, however, was situated right across the street from the hotel and I remained with the Marlings, which did not prevent me from spending the mornings with my son in his rooms. We lunched at the legation and afterward all of us, including the Marling children, went for drives or excursions in the afternoons. Dowager Empress Marie was spending the summer at her villa on the seashore outside of Copenhagen and we often went to see her. These visits were particularly delightful as, in spite of exile and all that went with it, she had kept every particle of the old atmosphere about her.

THE time went all too quickly and the delightful days came to an end. I had to say good-by to Lennart just at the moment when I had drawn a new and still tender tie between him and myself. Would it hold until I saw him again? We had begun to understand one another. It seemed so hard to see him disappear again, go back alone to the *milieu* which I had left once and for all, and where there was no place for me any longer, even as his mother. It was shut to me. I could never see him live in his own country, never see what his surroundings were, nor how he developed in them.

It was an ordeal; all my sensitiveness revolted against it. Words stuck in my throat; I became banal, frozen. And I, who saw with such regret the passing of the years, in this case would have gladly skipped over a few of them so as to see Lennart grown up and free, free to see me when and how he pleased. I knew that the older he got the more the ties between us would assert themselves and grow stronger. The future proved, thank God, that I was right, and although, now that he is a young man and master of his actions, we are separated by the ocean, the mere feeling that we are free to go to each other when and how we please is a consolation in my busy but lonely existence.

I saw my son only twice more during the next seven years that I spent in Europe. The planning of these interviews took such time and was done in such detail that the preparations resembled more the organization of political conferences than simple meetings between mother and son. These preparations complicated things extremely. The rules of court etiquette had so long since ceased to exist for me that now when they were forced upon me again I felt as if I were looking back into the Victorian age.

The second time Lennart and I met was at Wiesbaden in Germany. He must have been about fourteen years old then. I will never forget the sad memories I carried away with me of the hot, dreary days we spent together and my desperate endeavors to find occupations and keep him amused. I never felt myself for a moment and was afraid that his own impressions of the stay might be so painful as to make him think of me with horror. It was almost better not to see him at all under such conditions, and to wait until circumstances would permit a more natural intercourse, than to be obliged to see him in this unsatisfactory way.

Among the excursions we undertook during the time we spent together in Wiesbaden was one to Darmstadt, the residence of the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt. Grand Duke Ernest was the brother of the late Empress Alexandra and also of Grand Duchess Elizabeth (Aunt Ella). In our childhood we had often accompanied Uncle Serge and Aunt Ella on visits to Darmstadt, of which I had kept a most delightful memory. Besides the pleasure of seeing the Grand Duke and his wife again after so many years, I knew that in their home

I would find many an old souvenir which would remind me of the past. Both the sisters, the empress and Aunt Ella, adored their brother and their old home. This was also a unique occasion for showing Lennart a place which was at least vaguely connected with my own past, with my childhood, the days in which I did not have to wander about the world homeless.

As I had anticipated, the visit was both painful and delightful. Seeing spots which once were quite familiar to me but where I had not been for a very long time was like reading the epilogue of a novel. The setting was the same, the characters also, with the difference that the story had moved on—the children had grown up and the parents had somewhat aged.

The revolution in Germany had deprived the Grand Duke of his official position and of a certain amount of his possessions, but most of his private property had been left him. As a private citizen now he still enjoyed the respect of his former subjects, was perfectly free in his movements, and above all he and his family could remain in their country and in their old surroundings.

It is true that the setting had lost much of its former brilliancy. The house seemed too big now, out of proportion with the present requirements. There were no liveried footmen standing about in the halls, no guards, no sentinels at the front gate. Weeds had come up on the paths of the palace garden. Everything, even the town, lacked animation. It was as though the whole place, including the palace and the town, had been closed up for a long period of time. The people in the streets looked like heavy autumn flies, and the Grand Ducal couple themselves as if they had covered up the furniture but had been too indolent to move.

THE Grand Duke and his wife seemed satisfied with their life and perfectly contented with its present privacy. Uncle Ernie, as we called him, had always been an active person, interested in all manifestations of art, and he still found enough occupations to keep him busy. Our conversations turned mostly around the subject of his two sisters' terrible fate, but he could not add anything to the information which I possessed already and he on his side knew all that I knew.

After Wiesbaden I did not see my son for three years. Time was passing and he was nearing the age when he would be free. He was seventeen now. This time the meeting was arranged in Brussels, where he was coming from Italy, after a visit to his grandmother, the Queen of Sweden. The old lady was devoted to him and during these years had kept him with her as much as possible. But as the circumstances of my departure from Sweden had left her no pleasant memories of me, it was more than natural that my name was never mentioned in her presence. There remained, however, several people in Lennart's entourage who never let him forget me; of these the most important one was the old nurse. Ever since I had left Sweden she had written to me regularly and continued to speak to Lennart about me, trying to prevent his memories of me from dying.

In Wiesbaden she had still been with him, but now he really could not travel accompanied by a nurse any longer. This time he was coming with a Count Loewenhaupt, an elderly gentleman who held an office at court and who had been one of my most loyal friends in Sweden.

In order not to lose an hour of the precious time we were allowed to spend together, I went to Brussels on the eve of the day appointed for the meeting. Upon my arrival at the hotel I was taken straight up to the apartment I had ordered in advance. My maid unpacked and I went into the town to get some flowers for the rooms. When I got back I decided to lie down for a while as I had a bad headache.

JUST as I was dozing off I heard a knock at the door. A bell boy came in and handed me a card on a salver. It was Count Loewenhaupt who wanted to see me. I was delighted but a little astonished that he should have arrived in Brussels a day before his charge. In a few moments the door opened and Loewenhaupt walked in.

We had not seen each other since I had left Sweden, which was a good many years ago, and we both felt quite tearful during the first few minutes of the interview.

"And when is Lennart arriving?" I asked, as soon as our effusions had somewhat subsided.

"Prince Lennart is here," he answered.

"Here? But how is it that I have not yet seen him? Where is he?"

"He is at the palace, calling on his cousin, Crown Princess Astrid."

Both Lennart and I had had the same idea in arriving a day ahead of time. Count Loewenhaupt had seen me come to the hotel with my luggage and go up to the desk, but his discretion was such that he did not venture to approach me unawares. He also thought it more correct to wait until I had rested after my journey (the trip from Paris takes five hours), and in the meantime Lennart had gone to see his cousin. All this was done with the kindest intentions, but I could not help marveling at this excess of politeness and formality.

Since he was a small boy Lennart had been friends with the Loewenhaupt children and the count had taken a great interest in him. He spoke to me about him freely, telling me more about what he was doing and what his tastes were than I had heard from anybody before.

At last Lennart himself arrived. In the three years that I had not seen him he had grown up, he was a young man now, and with a pang of joy I

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[EDUCATION IN EXILE Continued from page fifty-five]

realized that the moment I had been waiting for with such impatience had come. I saw also that I need not fear any disappointments. Another three years and he would be completely free. To my great surprise and still greater pleasure, I discovered that he himself looked upon the situation in the same way.

In spite of our long separations, in spite of many unfavorable circumstances, in some mysterious way he clung to me. This instinctive feeling he had toward me reminded me of my own past; it was the same kind of feeling I had toward my father after his second marriage during the time we were separated from him. Nothing that was said around me, no influence in the world, could have turned my affections from him; the longer we were separated the dearer he grew to me.

WHILE I looked at Lennart often in bewilderment, wondering in spite of myself at this big boy being my own child, he took me as a matter of course. Our relationship this time assumed right away an easy and intimate character, as if we had always been together, and above all he treated me not as a parent but like a friend, almost like an equal in age. It is true that I was younger than those who generally surrounded him; he found me apparently younger looking than he had expected. When we went out together he was delighted at the effect made by my Parisian clothes against the rather dowdy Brussels background.

I studied him closely. There was in him the great inexperience and naïveness of his age enhanced by the restrictions of his upbringing, and yet an inclination toward independence developed by his lonely boyhood. He was natural and gay but at the same time very mindful of the rules by which he had been brought up. He was the Swedish prince.

I wondered how his future would shape itself in our modern age when no one can ever tell, and least of all a prince, at what moment he will be compelled to face life in its hardest aspects. At the time he was hardly more equipped for realities than I had been originally. For years I had grieved over the fact that his mind was being fashioned by others and that I could not be of any help to him in his development, but now for the first time I saw that under the circumstances it was better that I had stood outside of his usual circle. In this way, later, when he would begin to live, my experience would really be of value to him, he would also have more confidence in it. And perhaps I would be allowed to contribute something to his happiness after all.

In Brussels I had at last the opportunity of meeting Queen Elizabeth and King Albert. Upon my arrival I had written a note to the queen asking her to grant me an interview, and she invited Lennart and myself to dinner. The feeling of admiration with which I was approaching her had been of long standing; she was all of what constituted my idea of a real queen. Everything she did was done in a way I admired. She had made her life herself without permitting her position to interfere with it, and, what is rarer still in our circles, she shaped, she molded this position into suiting her ideals, the combined ideals of a real person and of a real queen. The moderation, the taste she displayed under every circumstance were something that from afar I had marveled at always. And with it all, with all the seriousness of her interests, I loved the human side you felt, I loved her smiling pictures and even her smart, trim clothes.

Unfortunately my visit to the palace was much too short for me to get acquainted with her. We sat rather stiffly on a sofa before and after dinner and talked about things which were perhaps not exactly dull but which were not vital either in her existence or in mine. But then royalty are much more shy and self-conscious in each other's presence than with outsiders.

This time when I went back to Paris my mind was at last at ease about Lennart. I knew that the foundation to a perfect understanding had been laid; I had something very lovely to look forward to in the future.

THE END

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

A New Adventure for the Love o' Lil

LIL and Sandy had a grand time New Year's Eve. Their friends, the Bonds, threw a Poverty Party at their house. A fitting end to 1931 and all its troubles and losses. Everyone was to come in their oldest and most patched clothes; the table was set in rags, tin plates and cups and bent spoons and forks, and most of the refreshments were served *à la* bread-line and soup-bowl fashion. The one who seemed hungriest and ate the most received a prize; the one who could drink the most didn't need any prize.

Before the eats, however, there was a bridge tournament, and that always meant high excitement to good players (and none but good players were tolerated) in the Bond *ménage*, for Howard Bond was noted for dealing a mean hand and running up a dirty score.

He was genially shuffling the cards when Lil was assigned to his table for the last round before twelve.

"Mark me down the date," Howard Bond commanded. "I'm busy warming up these cards. And mark it January first, 1932, Lil. I'm finished with 1931, even if it does string out another few agonizing minutes.

"Did you know, by any chance," he asked Lil, "that most of the calendar is right in a pack of cards?"

"You might offer your guest a cocktail, too!"

"No, I'm not kidding. Look!" Howard leaned over confidentially, and spread the pack down for Lil to study. "See here! There are fifty-two cards in the pack, aren't there? And fifty-two weeks in the year!"

"Smarty!"

"Wait. There are four suits—and there are four seasons! Two of them dark, and two of them bright. And if you count up the spots on the cards, making the jack eleven, the queen twelve, and the king thirteen, you'd find there would be three hundred and sixty-five! As many as there are days in the year!"

Lil gasped admiringly.

"I bet it's done with mirrors," she marveled.

"And the joker—that's for leap year!" topped Howard Bond with triumph. "I tell you there's a whole philosophy in a pack of cards. Take the king, queen, and jack."

"No, you take them," suggested Lil.

"That's the family unit." Howard Bond ignored her wit. "Mother, father, and son. The trinity. Or, if you prefer, the eternal triangle."

"Make mine the triangle. Can you tell fortunes too?"

"I have a calendar up in my little summer shack"—Mr. Bond was not to be discouraged—"that I made out of playing cards. It took me a whole summer to work it out. I wasted nearly fifty packs of cards before I got it."

A clang and howl of bells outside. Sirens and shouts. The lights went off in the room and someone tipped over a table. . . . Lil blew as violently as anyone on her ill-tasting wooden horn.

"Happy New Year! Happy New Year! . . ."

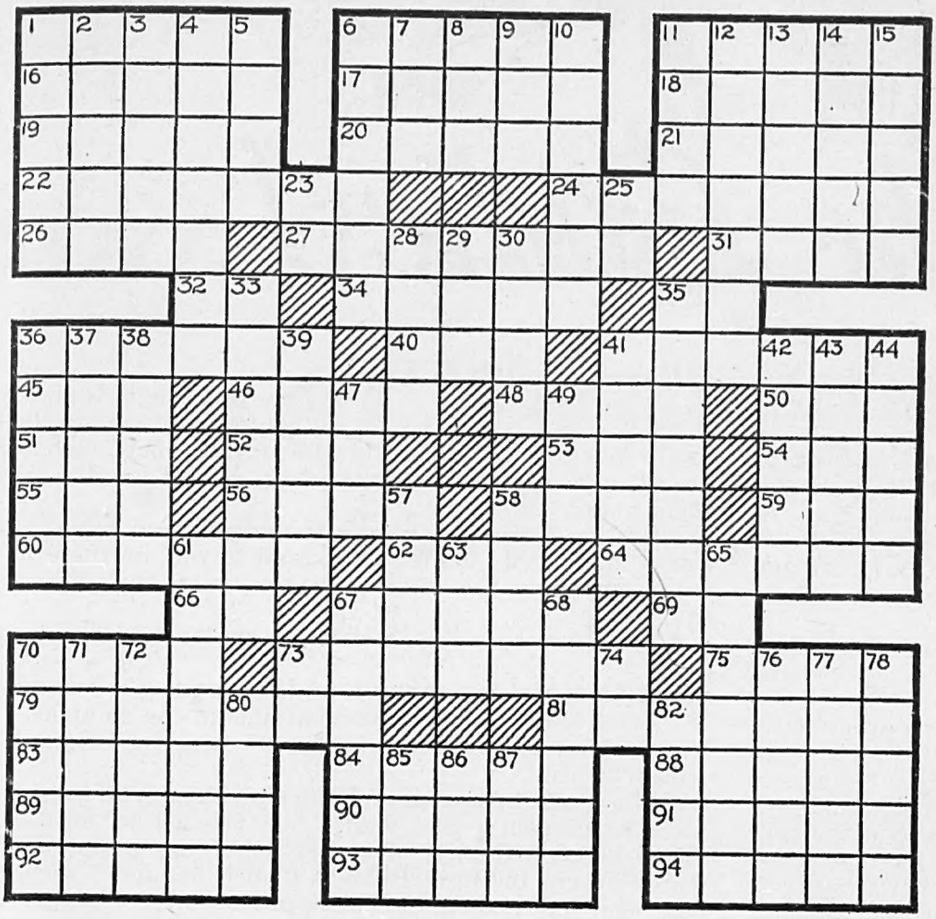
Lil felt someone yank the horn from between her teeth, and in a second her heart went swooping dizzily with the shock of an exceptionally fervent, warm kiss. . . .

"Oh!" she gasped, and then, with another lighter kiss on her cheek, "Oh!" she gasped again.

The lights went on, and she found Sandy's arm around her shoulder and Sandy smiling down into her eyes. . . . She smiled up at him, but her cheeks burned. . . . The first kiss had been no family affair. . . . After all, Sandy didn't have a mustache! And whoever kissed her that first time most certainly had!

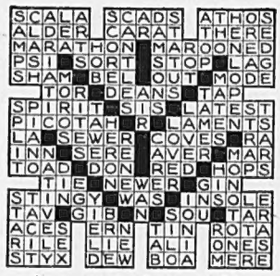
(Next week's cover adventure: Resolved)

Cross Words — A New Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

1 Frighten
6 Paroxysms of pain or anguish
11 Incrustations
16 Sharpened
17 Past
18 Thickened soup
19 Ascend
20 Refute
21 English forest
22 Fine silk net
24 Violent dreads
26 Wheelless vehicle
27 Allied by kindred
31 Gaelic
32 Suffix used to form some plurals
34 Spanish title of courtesy
35 Within
36 Fastening devices
40 Corroded
41 Deer's horn
45 Long and slender support of an object
46 An image
48 Archaic form of a part of do
50 Note of an old scale
51 Eggs
52 Hurried
53 Character in Peer Gynt
54 Entangle
55 Obtain
56 Beverage (plural)
58 A bird
59 American Indian
60 Turned about a fixed point
62 Digit
64 Put away for future use
66 Exclamation
67 A tree
69 A state (initials)
70 Place of confinement
73 Purveyor
75 Carry
79 Man's name
81 Traduces
83 Greek philosopher
84 Set in
88 Avoid
89 Drive back
90 Elevate
91 Taut
92 Woman's name
93 Serpent
94 Worms



Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 Counterfeits
2 A shade of red
3 Old-womanish
4 Lives
5 River in Scotland
6 Describes the elements of a sentence
7 Mature
8 Protuberance
9 Antelope
10 A breed of dog
11 Mast
12 General course
13 Zeal
14 Beverage (plural)
15 Meaning
23 Adjective suffix
25 Man's nickname
28 Spare
29 Pismire
30 Touched with the toes
33 A plant
35 Intentions
36 Unites in a mass
37 Even
38 A size of type
39 Burn with hot liquid
41 Equines
42 Monkeylike animal
43 Puff up
44 Classified
47 A pronoun
49 Row
57 Proof reader's term
58 Bear on the person
61 Made of wheat
63 Poem
65 Intervals of eight diatonic degrees
67 Vaulted chamber
68 Rosier
70 An island in Naples Bay
71 More capable
72 Juicy berry
73 An element (symbol)
74 Note of the scale
76 Portents
77 Succinct
78 Park in Colorado
80 Cavity
82 Destiny
85 Rabid
86 Offer to pay
87 Compass point

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

"Oh, Gee! Grandma's Walking Downstairs!"

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To the Ladies!

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

(Reading time: 4 min. 50 sec.)

PRESENTING the Maharajadhiraja Bahadur of Burdwan, Sir Bijay Adhira Chand Mahtab Bahadur, Mahtab III, senior Hindu nobleman of Bengal, paternal governor over a million people, direct descendant of the Mogul emperors, Knight Grand Commander of the Order of the Indian Empire, Knight Commander of the Star of India.

Doesn't that string of titles summon up a vision of the pomps and splendors of India?

The Maharaja of Burdwan.

To us, yes. But to this progressive maharaja India is first of all a country in need of plumbing. "We need sanitation," he told me, "and our women need education. Not Western education necessarily, but education that will teach them to get away from their eternal acceptance of Karma." Karma means fate.

"When there is sickness in the family, Indian women will not abide by a doctor's advice, but by what some astrologer predicts. We of the East do not yet understand that Heaven helps him who helps himself."

The maharaja has endowed academies for women in Bengal; he also maintains the Burdwan College of the University of Calcutta. I asked him how Indian women spend their time.

"Not more than perhaps one Indian woman in ten thousand has been touched by Western civilization," he said. "The others who go veiled and live in purdah [behind the screen, as in a harem] are often literate in their own language, but they read only religious books or poetry. They are devoted to their homes. They wait on the men. They never sit at table with the men. The wife always eats after the men are through. The women visit and gossip among themselves. How they gossip!

"The 'cult of woman' is general in India; to a Hindu husband everything about his wife is sacred and pure. Yet as they grow old, Hindu wives seldom retain their husbands' affection. Mere loyalty cannot inspire continued love. The more enduring charms of versatility come from culture and education."

The maharaja, who spends much of his time in Europe, is now touring America. His son is being educated in England.

HAPPY New Year!

Don't forget to open your front door when midnight strikes on December 31. Let the old year out and welcome the new year in.

To many of us the year that is going out has not been altogether fortunate, so I'm not going to dwell on it, except for one personal point. By me it will always be remembered as an outstanding year.

Just one year ago I started writing this page. It has brought me a multitude of interesting, intimate letters from readers near and far. These letters have given me a wonderful new experience, and I want to thank any and all of you who write them. They have made me realize more strongly than ever how many people there are in this crowded old world who may be lonely, who may need a little human understanding, a kind word to help them along.

All of you know such people, though you may not always guess their need. So let me extend to you, on the eve of this new year, the most valuable truth that life has taught me:

Never pass by a fellow creature who needs your help.

WHEN a girl is engaged, and her young man's relatives snub her socially, what should she do about it? That's what's worrying a reader of mine who signs her letter "Ruth."

Ruth wants to give a party at which she will announce her engagement. She wants her friends to meet her fiancé and his family. But her fiancé has a sister who doesn't seem to think Ruth is "good enough" socially, and who has shown her disapproval of the match by snubbing Ruth on occasion, and by treating her in a cool, distant manner at all times.

To have this happen at her own party would be dreadfully humiliating, Ruth feels, but, on the other hand, she knows it would be most discourteous to leave the sister out.

Shall she invite her or not? That's the problem, and she has asked me what I think.

I think that *any* guest who would have the bad manners to accept an invitation, then snub her hostess or her hostess' friends, would be irrevocably in the wrong. I have enough faith in human nature to believe the other guests would realize this if it happened. Anyone vulgar enough to be amused by such a breach of decent behavior wouldn't be worth knowing, anyway.

ROMANCE attains its perfect state in the innocent mind of a child. Kids are fine story-tellers. They should worry about the "facts of life"!

The small daughter of a friend of mine has just reached the fairy-tale age. The old favorites inspire her to make up new ones of her own. Recently her mother overheard her improvise a masterpiece of fiction for some little playmates. It was a long and wonderful narrative, describing, in the flowery language of knighthood, the deeds of a great king who went away to war for a couple of years, leaving his queen at home. Upon his return the warrior king told his wife how many battles he had won, how splendidly he had served his realm during those two absent years.

The young story-teller then amazed her mother's ears with the following happy ending:

"'I, too, have not been idle,' said the queen. And the queen told the king: 'See what I have done for our realm during thy absence.' And she drew back the curtains, and, lo and behold! the king saw seventeen children—six girls and six boys."

A DARING book—excellent, but for grown-ups only—is The Greek, by Tiffany Thayer, author of Call Her Savage, and Thirteen Men. (A. & C. Boni.)

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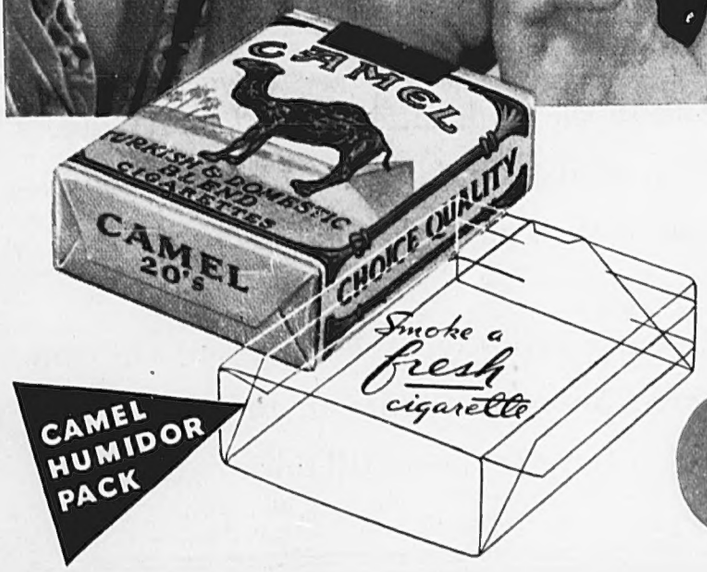
If you're like most other folks, one New Year's resolution you will enjoy *keeping* will be: *fresh* Camels in the Camel Humidor Pack!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company's Coast-to-Coast Radio Programs

CAMEL QUARTER HOUR, Morton Downey, Tony Wons, and Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard, every night except Sunday, Columbia Broadcasting System. *See local paper for time*

PRINCE ALBERT QUARTER HOUR, Alice Joy, "Old Hunch," and Prince Albert Orchestra, direction Paul Van Loan, every night except Sunday, N. B. C. Red Network. *See local paper for time*



● *Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. In offices and homes, even in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked*

CAMELS

***Made* FRESH—*Kept* FRESH**

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